

CRACK COMICS

10



SEPTEMBER
No.56

Captain **TRIUMPH**
finds
GOSSIP
leads to
MURDER!



The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". The covers depict various genres such as superhero action, mystery, science fiction, and humor. Overlaid on this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a white outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a black drop shadow, making it stand out prominently against the colorful background.

**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

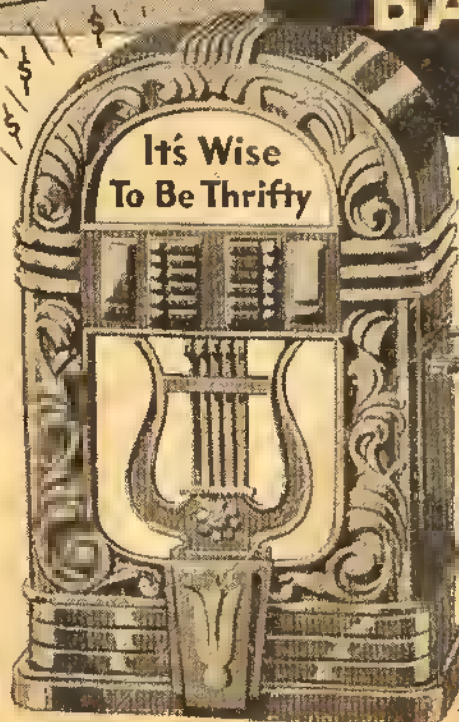
JUKE BOX BANK

**A Real Money-Maker
For You . . . Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

**Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!**

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



**BACK AGAIN
and BETTER THAN EVER!**

*Sturdy
Steel
Construction*

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



**famous
Simplex PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER**

Only \$2.98
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A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!
It's Easy!
It's Efficient!
It's Accurate!*

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...

...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey Kids! . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

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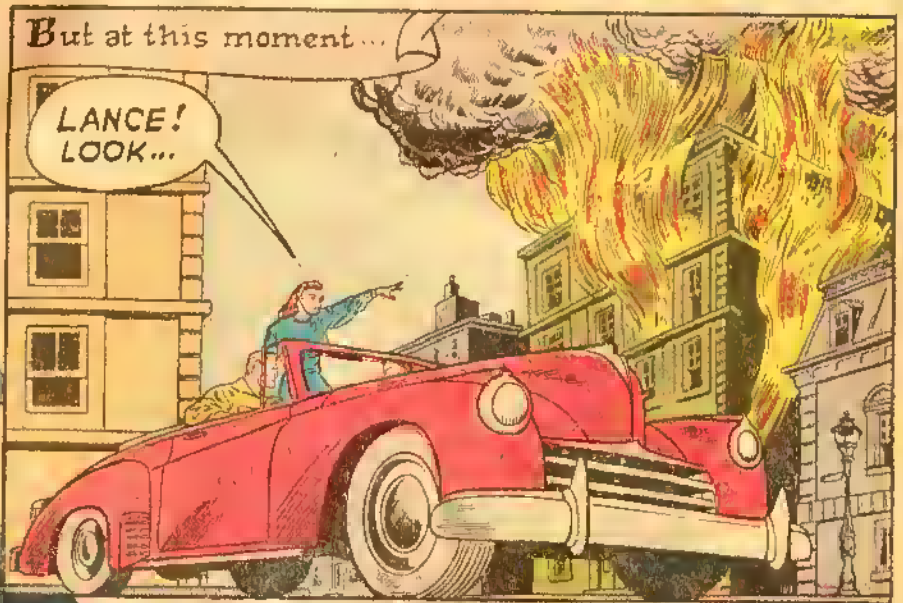
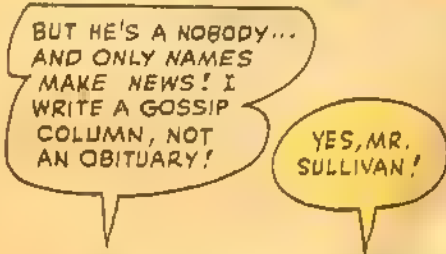
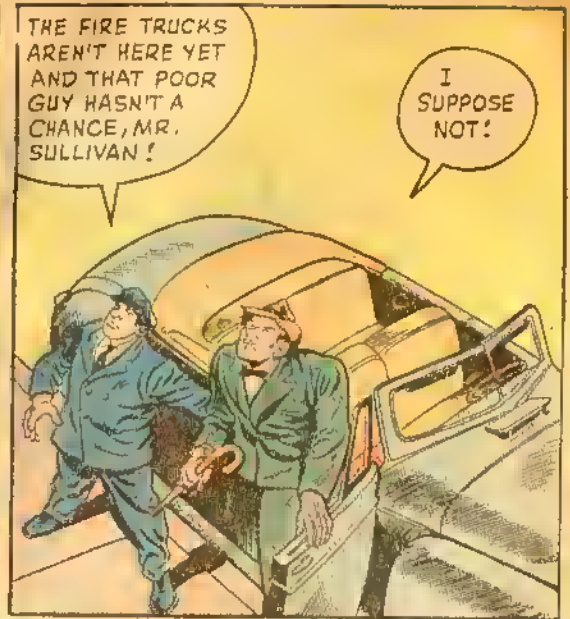
GRACK COMICS, September, 1948, No. 55. Published bi-monthly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street Stamford, Conn. S. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Entered as second-class matter March 11, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. E. S. Morinoy, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

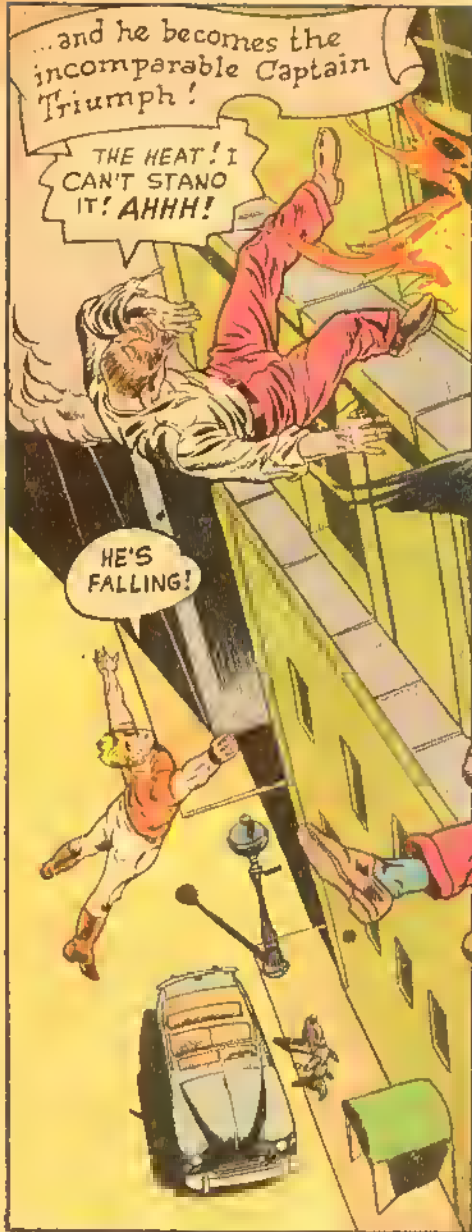
Captain TRIUMPH



No one liked Walt Sullivan, but everyone listened to him! For there is nothing that interests people so much as gossip... and Walt Sullivan was the most widely read gossip columnist in the world!

Until one day he printed an item that spelled **DEATH**, and then CAPTAIN TRIUMPH was forced to take a hand to save Lance Gallant from a conviction for **MURDER!**





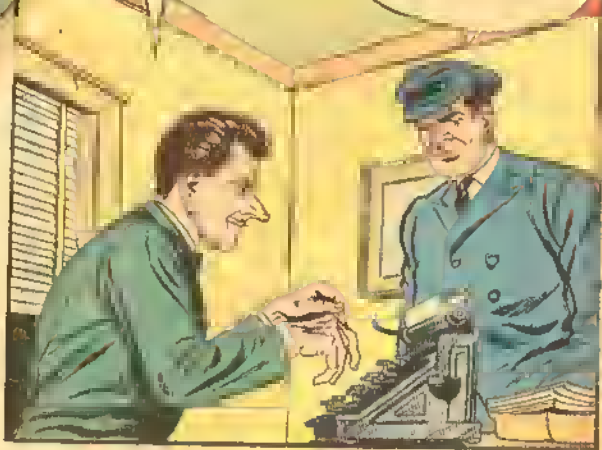
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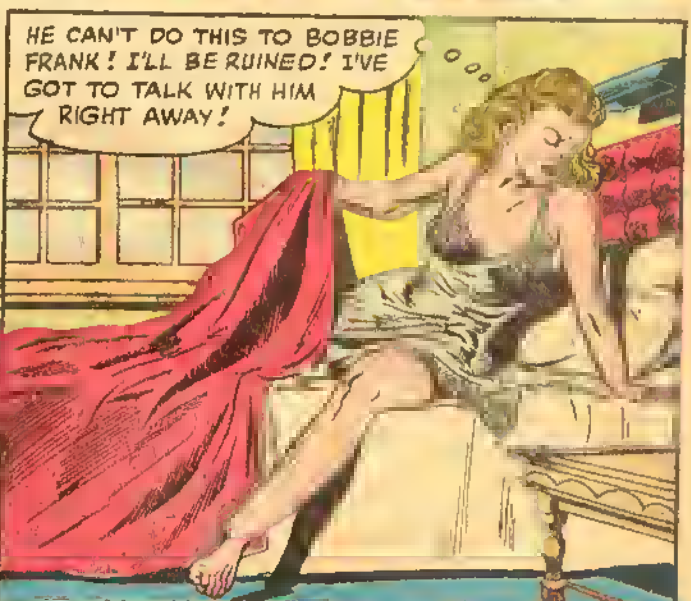
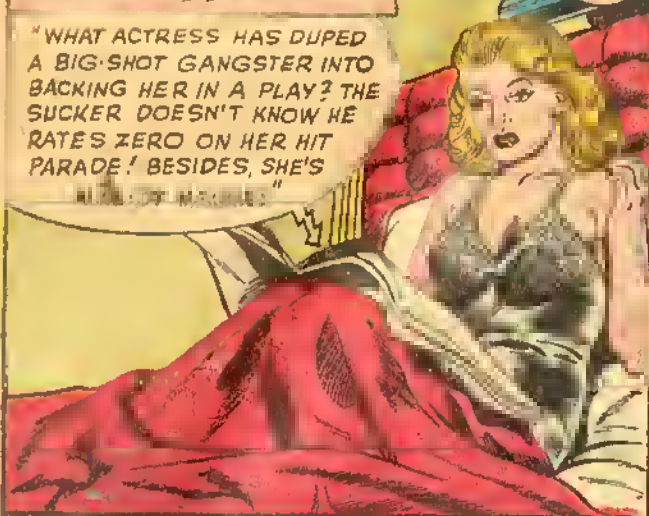
THAT GAL CERTAINLY GETS AROUND! I WONDER IF LANCE GALLANT KNOWS SHE'S MAKING PASSES AT CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, TOO!

WELL, HE'LL KNOW TOMORROW! THIS SHOULD MAKE AN INTERESTING ITEM IN MY "MAN ABOUT TOWN" COLUMN!

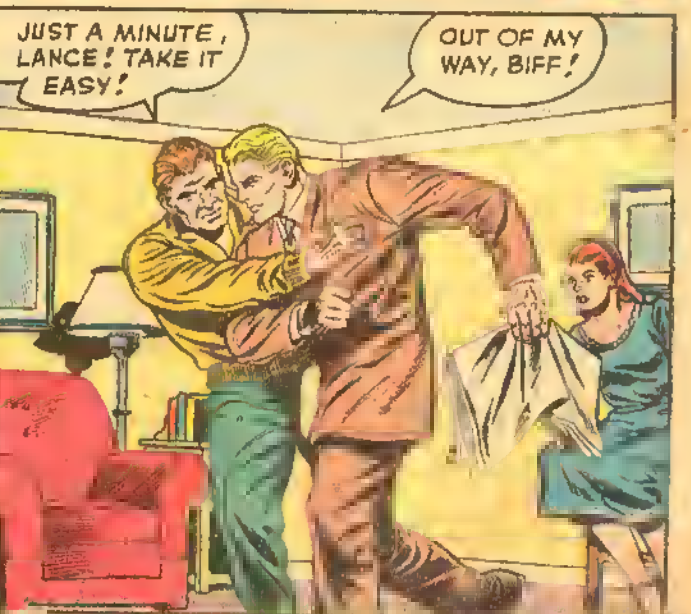
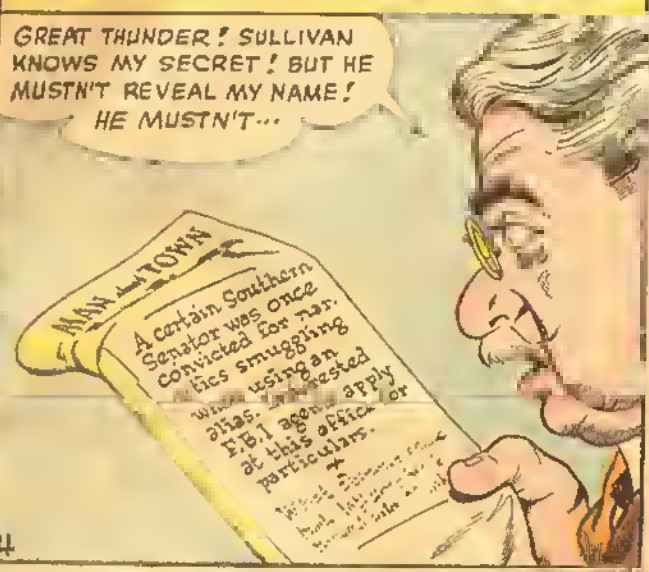
LANCE GALLANT'S GOING TO BE BURNED UP! YOU SURE MAKE PLENTY OF ENEMIES, MR. SULLIVAN!



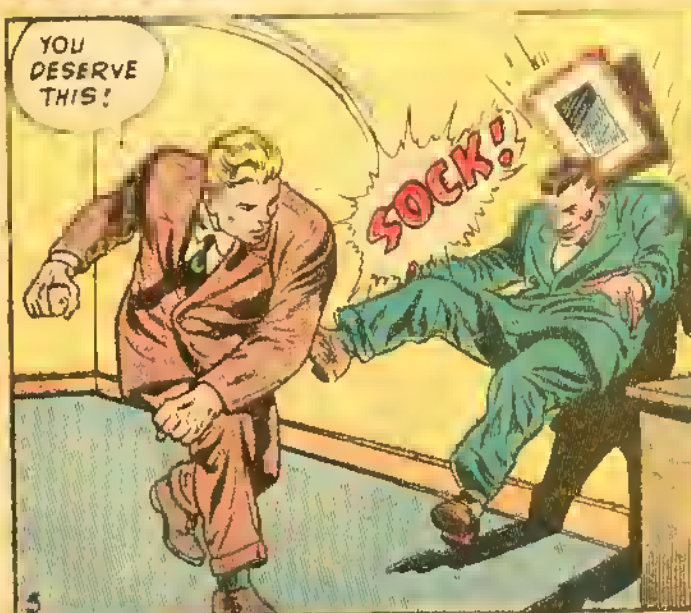
The next day, when Wait Sullivan's column appears...



While, in the home of Senator Hartree...



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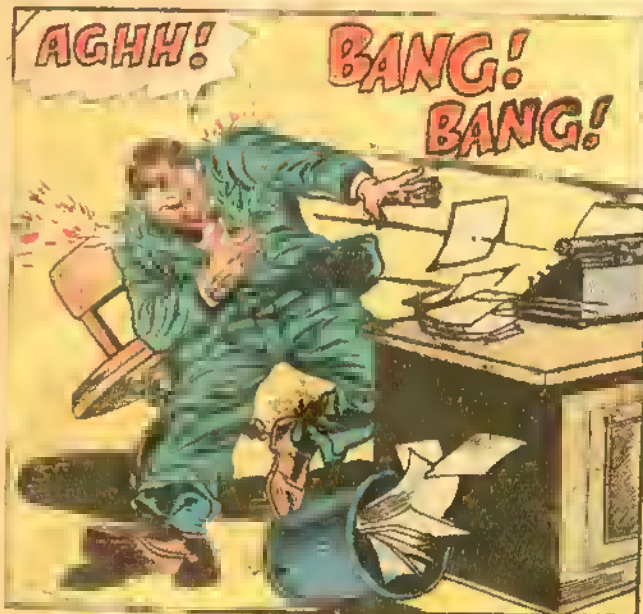
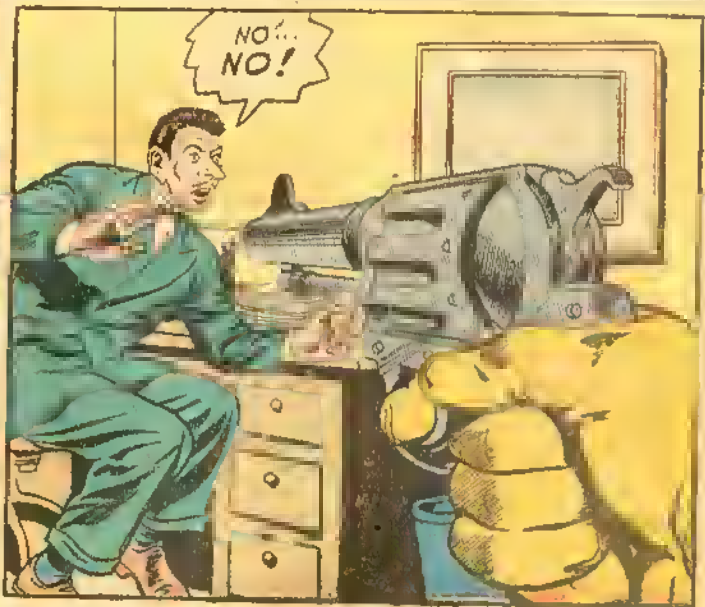
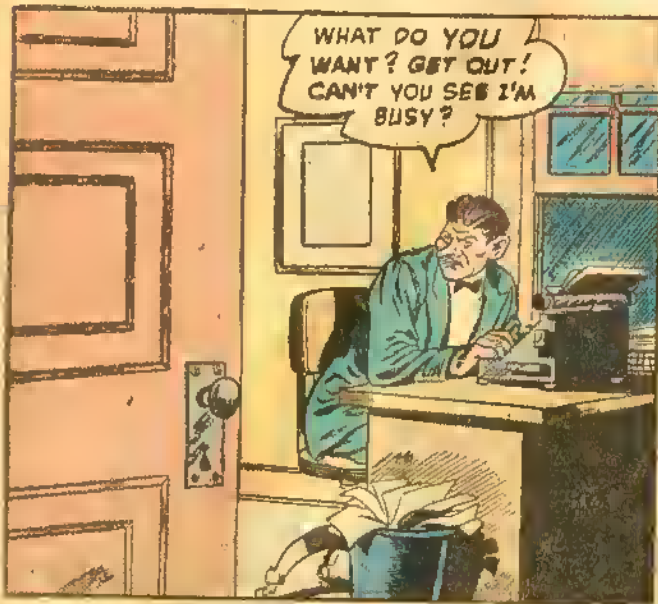




I'LL HAVE A FEW THINGS TO SAY ABOUT KIM MEREDITH THAT'LL REALLY BURN HIM UP! HE'LL BE READY TO COMMIT MURDER BEFORE I'M THROUGH...



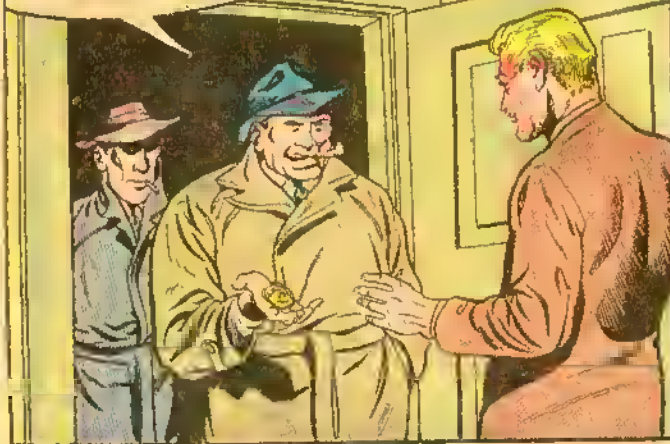
Late that night



The next morning...

YOUR NAME LANCE GALLANT? WE'RE FROM HOMICIDE...

HOMICIDE? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST... AS A SUSPECT IN THE MURDER OF WALT SULLIVAN!

BUT... BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF EVIDENCE, GALLANT!

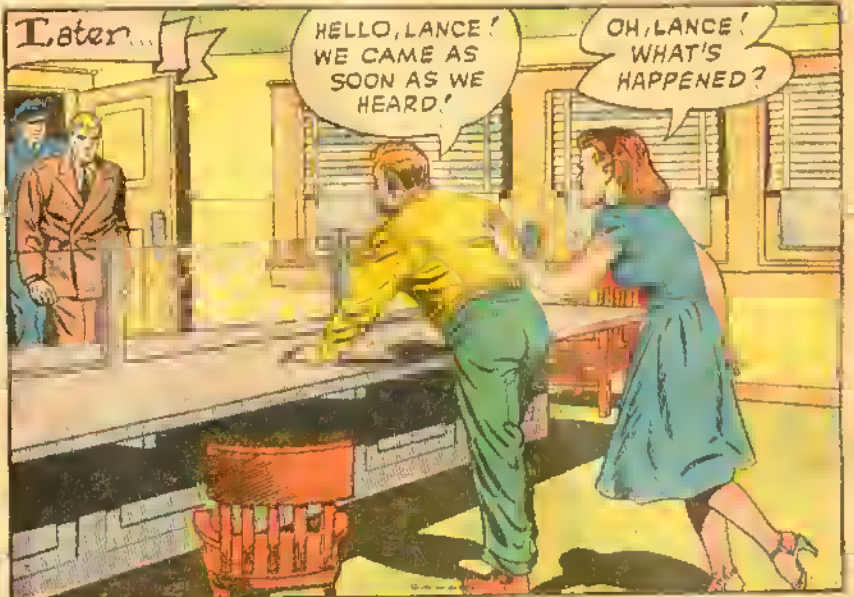
IT'S OUR DUTY TO WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU!



Later...

HELLO, LANCE! WE CAME AS SOON AS WE HEARD!

OH, LANCE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?



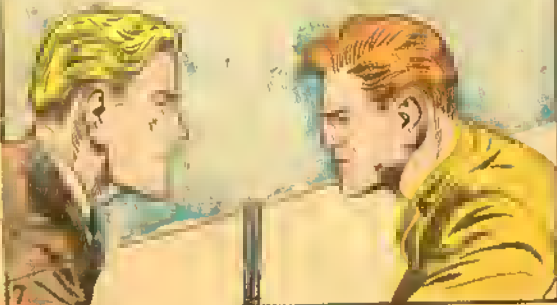
I WISH I KNEW! THEY THINK I MURDERED WALT SULLIVAN! BUT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS DEAD!

I CHECKED WITH A FRIEND OF MINE WHO'S A COP AT HEAD-QUARTERS! YOU'RE IN A SPOT!

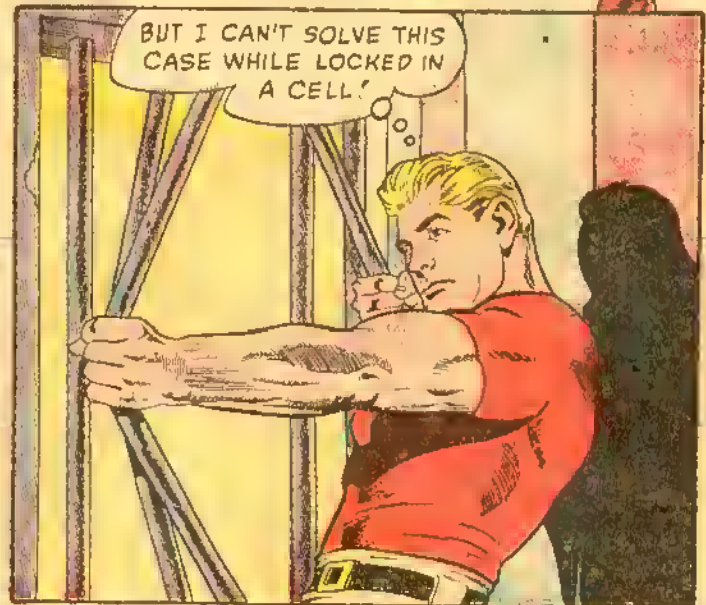
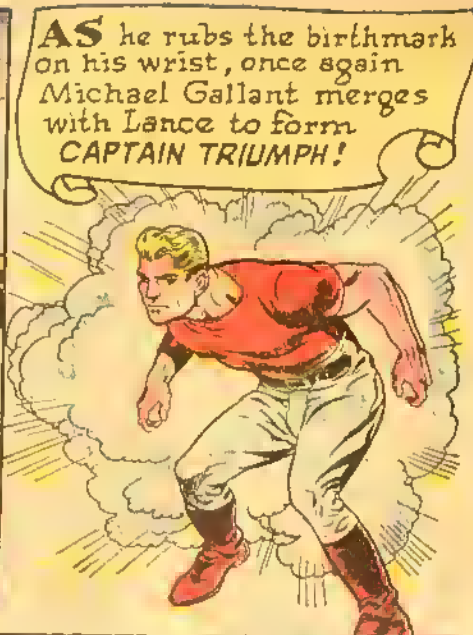
THEY'VE GOT WITNESSES WHO SAY THEY HEARD YOU THREATEN WALT SULLIVAN! HE WAS WRITING HIS LAST COLUMN WHEN HE WAS BLASTED! AND IT'S RUMORED THAT IT WAS ABOUT KIM AND CAPTAIN TRIUMPH...

BUT THAT ISN'T THE WORST! THEY MADE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF YOUR APARTMENT... AND THEY FOUND THE MURDER GUN!

WHAT? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



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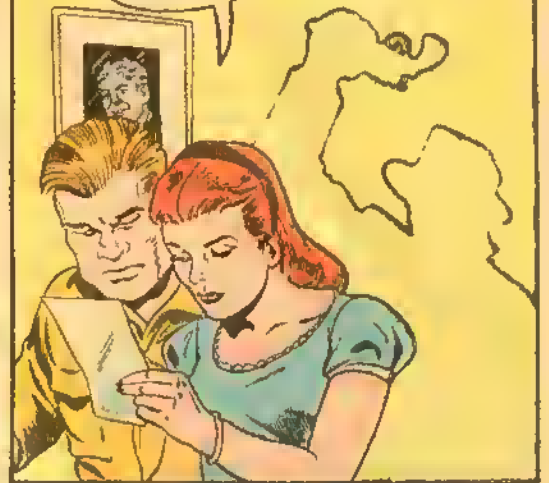
But this thought has also occurred to Biff and Kim...

I SLIPPED THE NIGHT WATCHMAN FIFTY BUCKS TO LET US INTO SULLIVAN'S OFFICE! I HOPE WE FIND SOMETHING WORTHWHILE...

IT ISN'T LIKELY! THE POLICE MUST HAVE ALREADY BEEN OVER THIS PLACE WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB!

WAIT! HERE'S SOMETHING THEY OVERLOOKED! NOTES WALT SULLIVAN MADE FOR HIS LAST COLUMN, THE ONE HE WAS WRITING WHEN HE WAS KILLED!

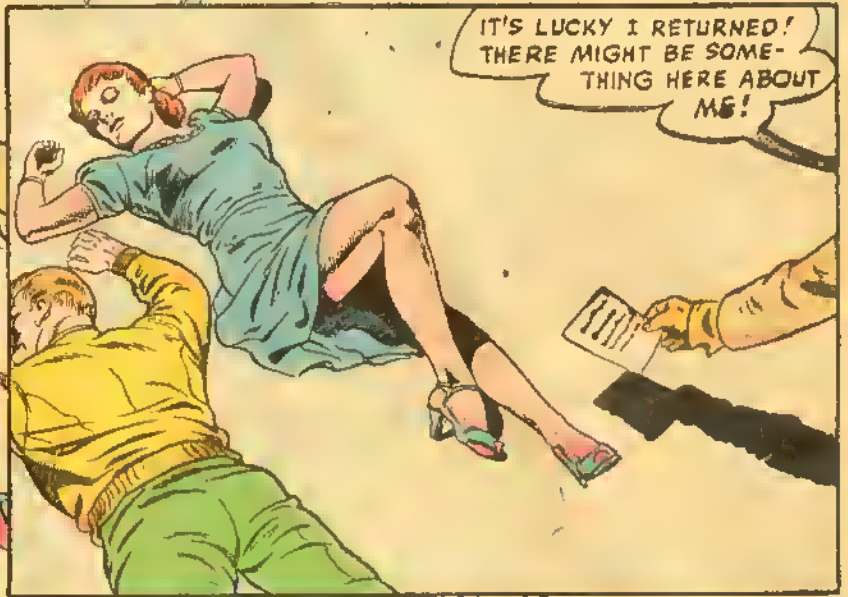
NOTHING PARTICULARLY NEW! IT'S A FOLLOW-UP COLUMN, WITH MORE FACTS ABOUT...



UGH!

OH HHHH!

IT'S LUCKY I RETURNED! THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING HERE ABOUT ME!

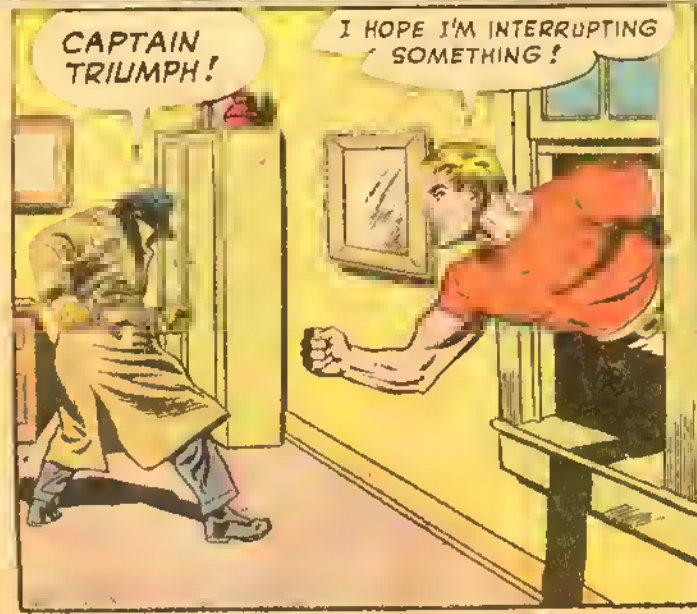


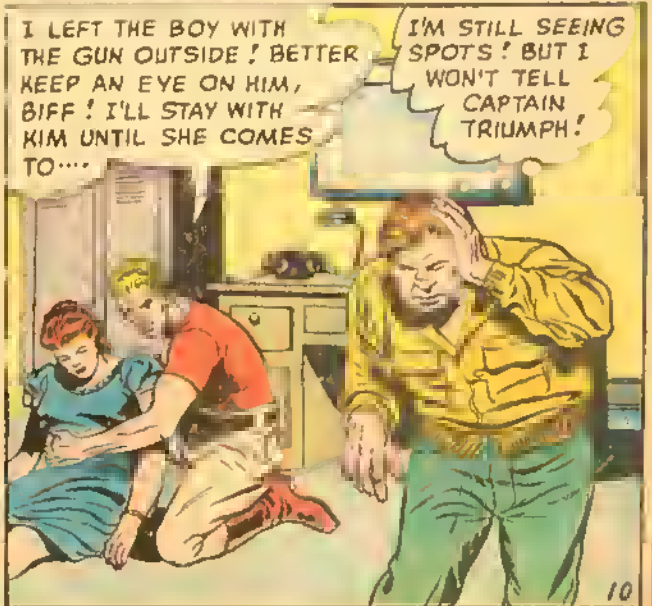
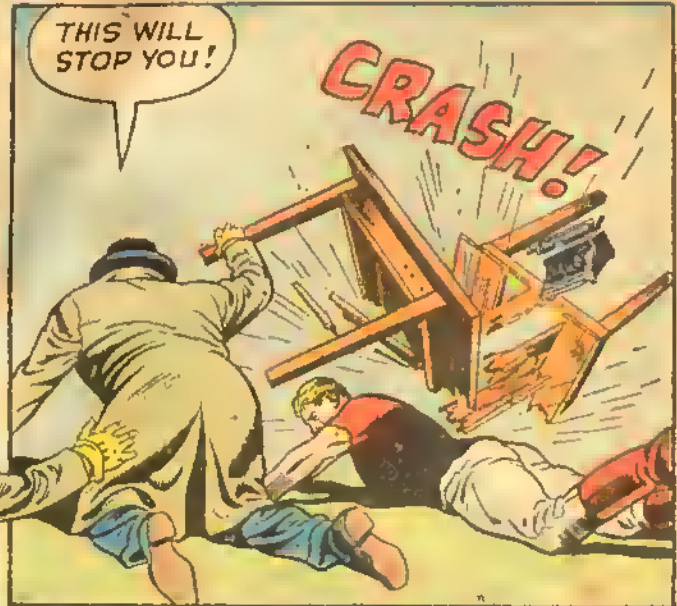
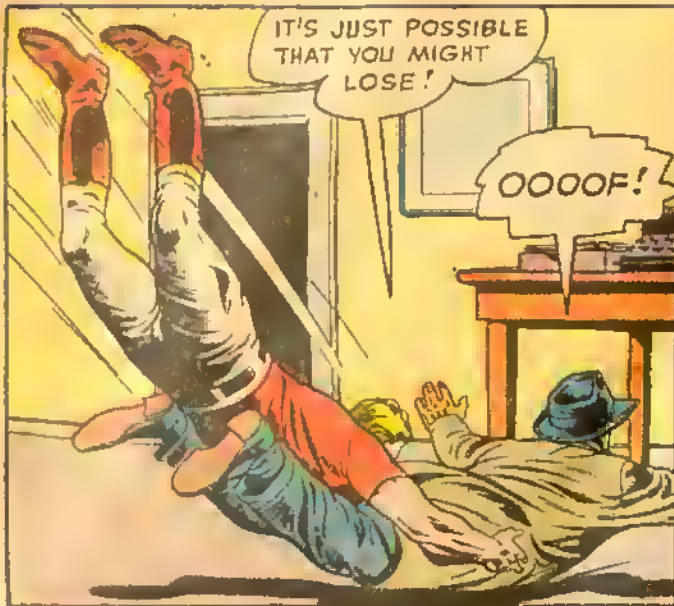
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

I HOPE I'M INTERRUPTING SOMETHING!

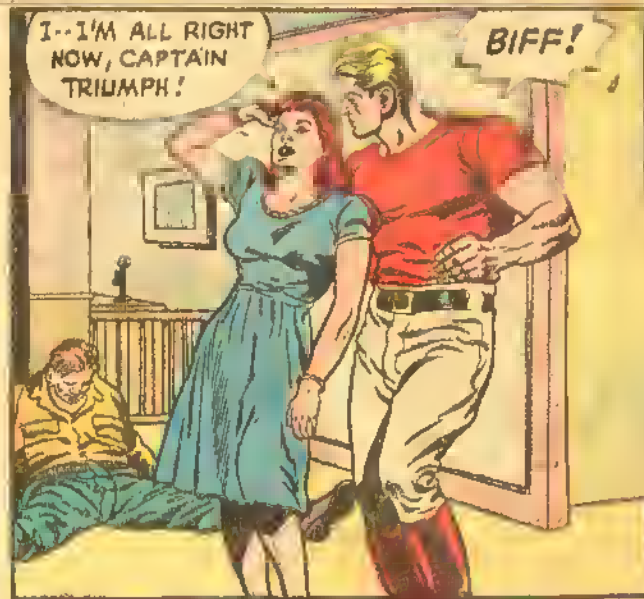
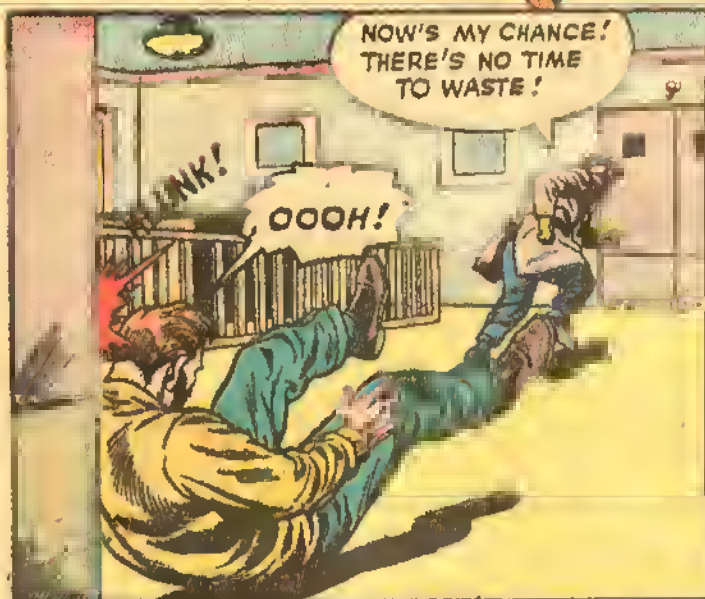
YOU WON'T GET ME!

I WOULDN'T BET ON THAT!

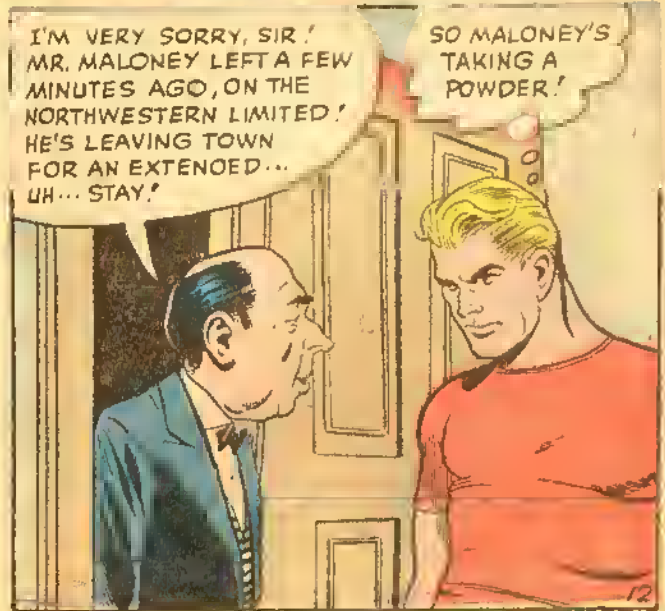
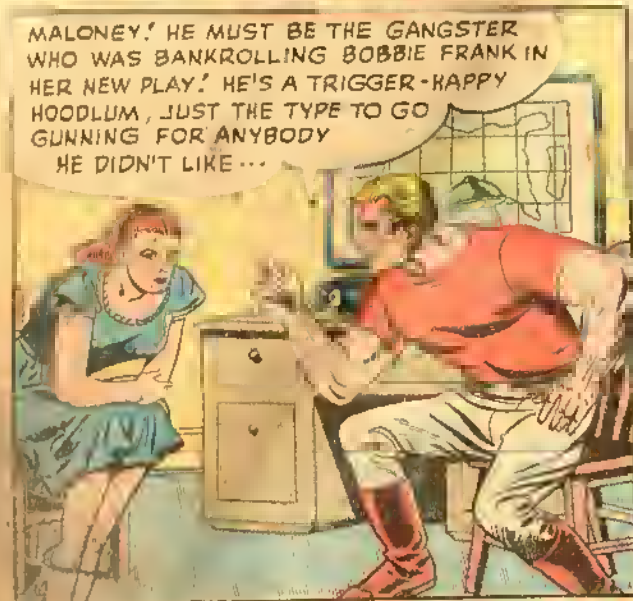
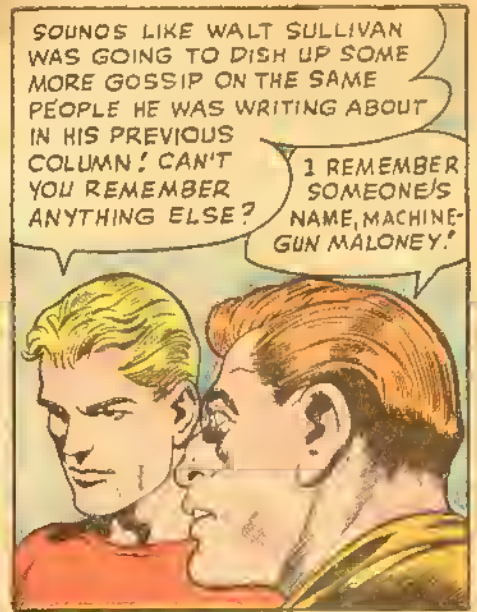




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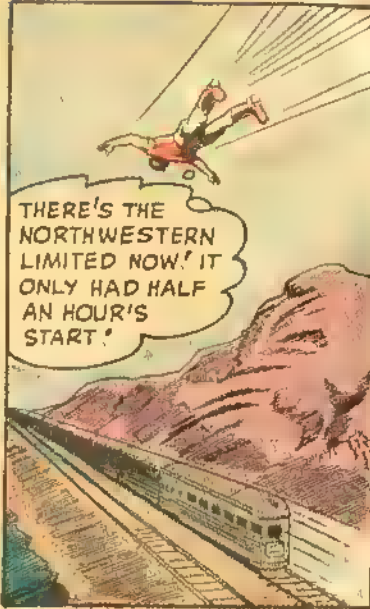


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THAT CLINCHES IT! MALONEY WOULDN'T RUN AWAY UNLESS HE WAS GUILTY! HE'S THE MAN I WANT...

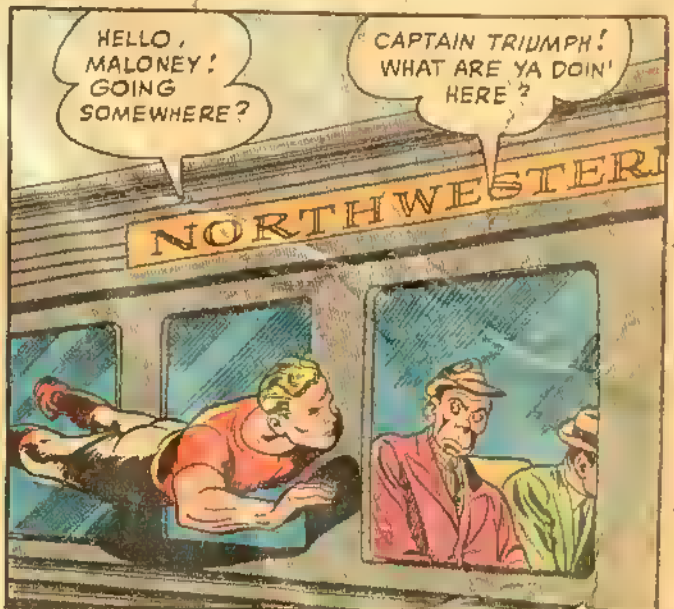


THERE'S THE NORTHWESTERN LIMITED NOW! IT ONLY HAD HALF AN HOUR'S START!



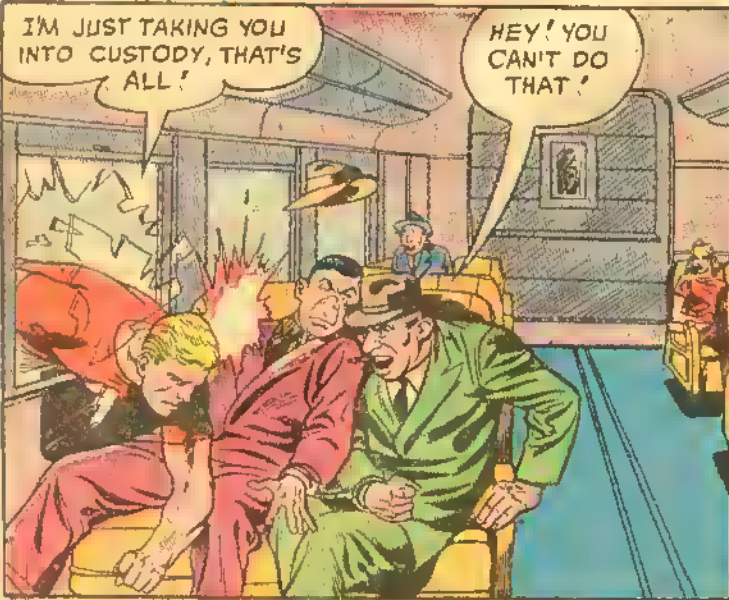
HELLO, MALONEY! GOING SOMEWHERE?

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! WHAT ARE YA DOIN' HERE?



I'M JUST TAKING YOU INTO CUSTODY, THAT'S ALL!

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



WHY NOT?

BECAUSE MALONEY'S ALREADY BEEN CONVICTED ON A ROBBERY CHARGE! I'M THE DEPUTY SHERIFF, TAKING HIM TO PRISON!



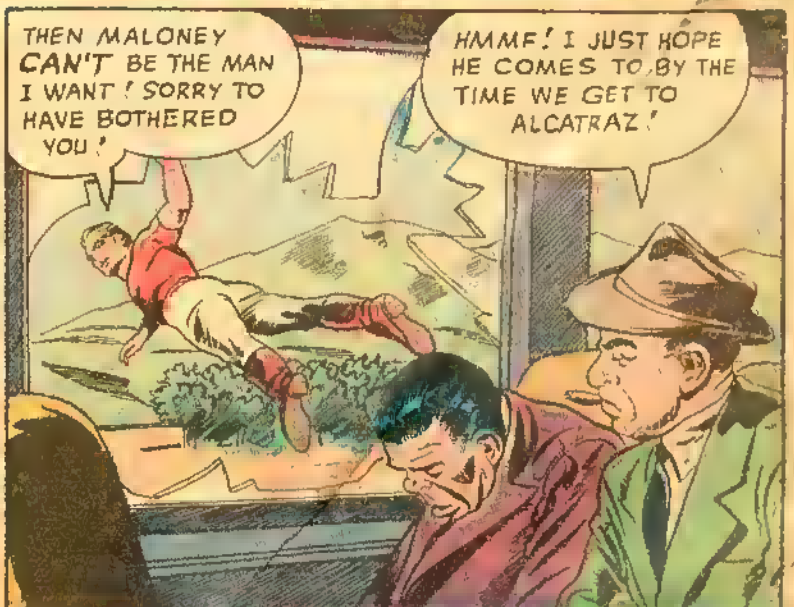
WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

HE'S BEEN OUT ON BAIL! HE WAS SENTENCED YESTERDAY MORNING, AND THEY HELD HIM IN THE CITY JAIL SINCE THEN...



THEN MALONEY CAN'T BE THE MAN I WANT! SORRY TO HAVE BOTHERED YOU!

HMMF! I JUST HOPE HE COMES TO BY THE TIME WE GET TO ALCATRAZ!



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In Lance Gallant's apartment...

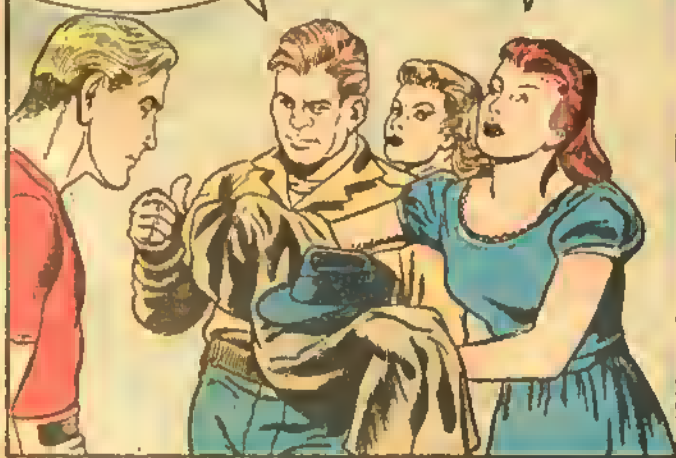
YOU CAN'T KEEP ME HERE! I DEMAND TO SEE MY LAWYER!

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!



WE BROUGHT BOBBIE FRANK HERE! AND SHE'S BEEN KICKING UP A TERRIBLE RUMPUS EVER SINCE!

WE FOUND THIS AT HER APARTMENT, TOO! RECOGNIZE IT?



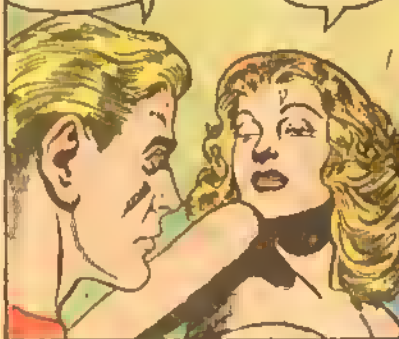
THIS IS THE HAT AND CLOAK WORN BY THE MAN I FOUND IN WALT SULLIVAN'S OFFICE! THE SAME MAN WHO ATTACKED BIFF AND KIM!

TALK ALL YOU LIKE! YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!



MAYBE I CAN! BEFORE I CAME HERE, I HAD A MOST INTERESTING TALK WITH SENATOR HARTREE! HE WAS PAYING BLACKMAIL MONEY TO KEEP HIS NAME OUT OF WALT SULLIVAN'S COLUMN!

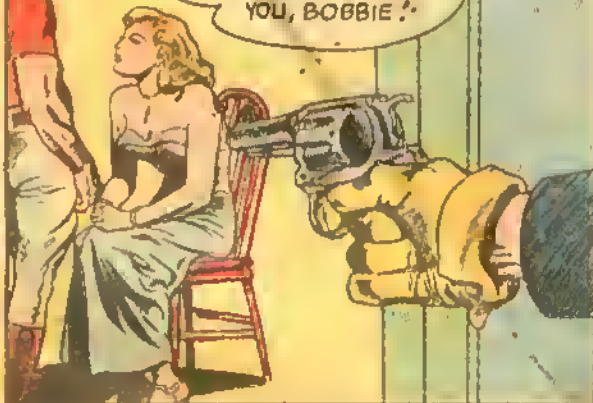
SO WHAT?



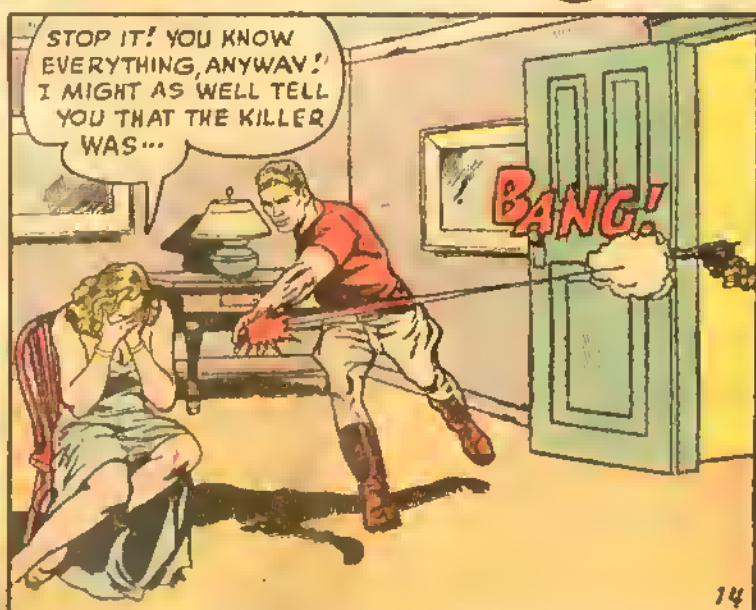
WALT SULLIVAN DIDN'T GET THAT BLACKMAIL MONEY! IN FACT, HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT! HE WAS MURDERED BECAUSE HE WAS GOING TO PRINT SOMETHING HIS MURDERER HAD ALREADY PROMISED WOULDN'T APPEAR... THE ITEM ABOUT SENATOR HARTREE!



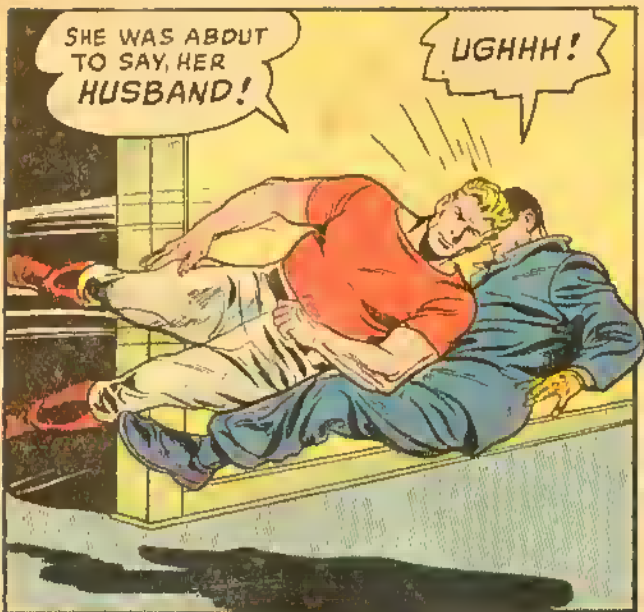
THEREFORE, THE KILLER WAS SOMEONE INTIMATELY ACQUAINTED WITH WALT SULLIVAN! A MAN WHO KNEW HIS SECRETS BEFORE THEY REACHED PRINT! A MAN WHO WAS JEALOUS OF YOU, BOBBIE!



STOP IT! YOU KNOW EVERYTHING, ANYWAY! I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT THE KILLER WAS...

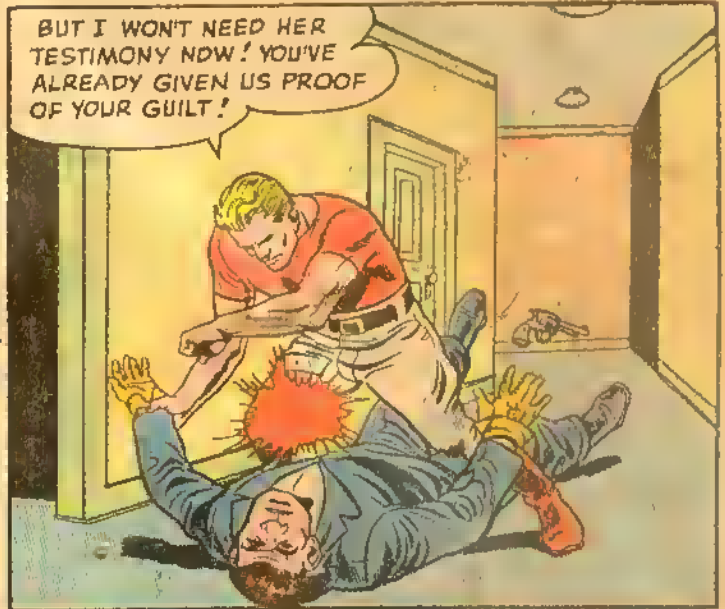


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SHE WAS ABOUT TO SAY, HER HUSBAND!

UGH! UGH! UGH!



BUT I WON'T NEED HER TESTIMONY NOW! YOU'VE ALREADY GIVEN US PROOF OF YOUR GUILT!



HERE'S THE BOY BEHIND THE GUN! SULLIVAN'S CHIEF STOOGE!

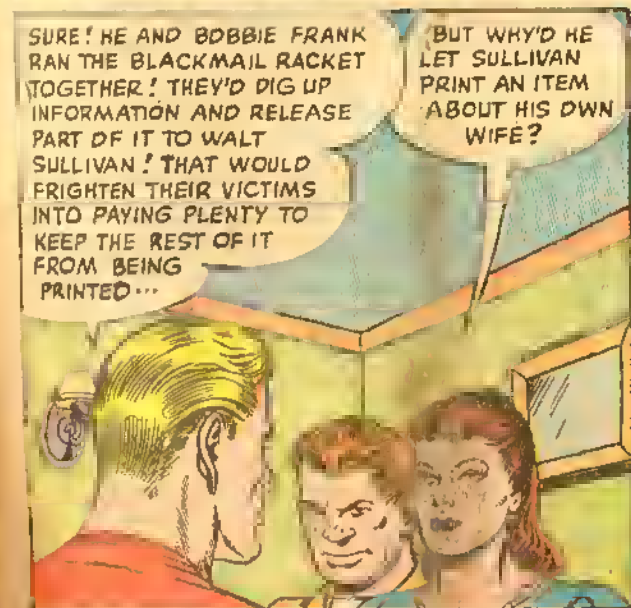
WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!



Later, when the police have come and gone...

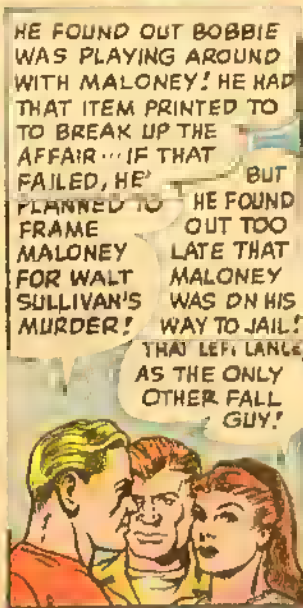
I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED HIM BEFORE! HE KNEW ABOUT LANCE GALLANT'S BATTLE WITH SULLIVAN AND PLANTED THE MURDER GUN TO THROW SUSPICION ON LANCE...

I'LL BET HE TOLD THE POLICE ABOUT LANCE'S FEUD WITH SULLIVAN, AND THAT'S WHY THEY SHOWED UP SO PROMPTLY!



SURE! HE AND BOBBIE FRANK RAN THE BLACKMAIL RACKET TOGETHER! THEY'D DIG UP INFORMATION AND RELEASE PART OF IT TO WALT SULLIVAN! THAT WOULD FRIGHTEN THEIR VICTIMS INTO PAYING PLENTY TO KEEP THE REST OF IT FROM BEING PRINTED...

BUT WHY'D HE LET SULLIVAN PRINT AN ITEM ABOUT HIS OWN WIFE?



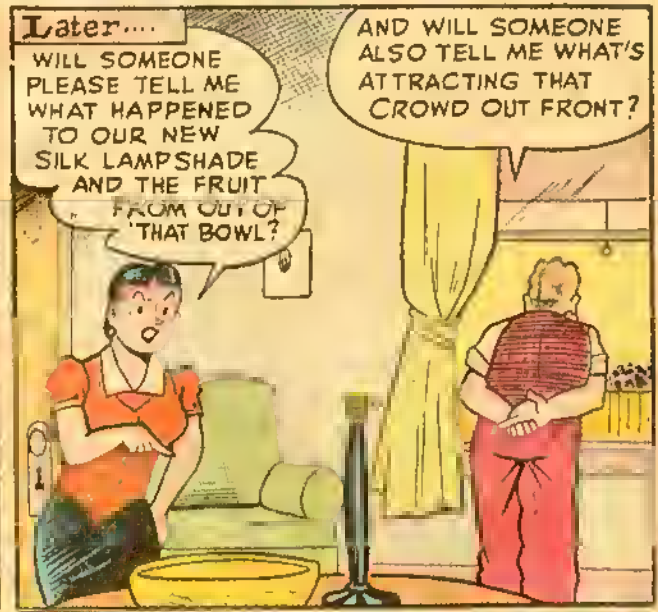
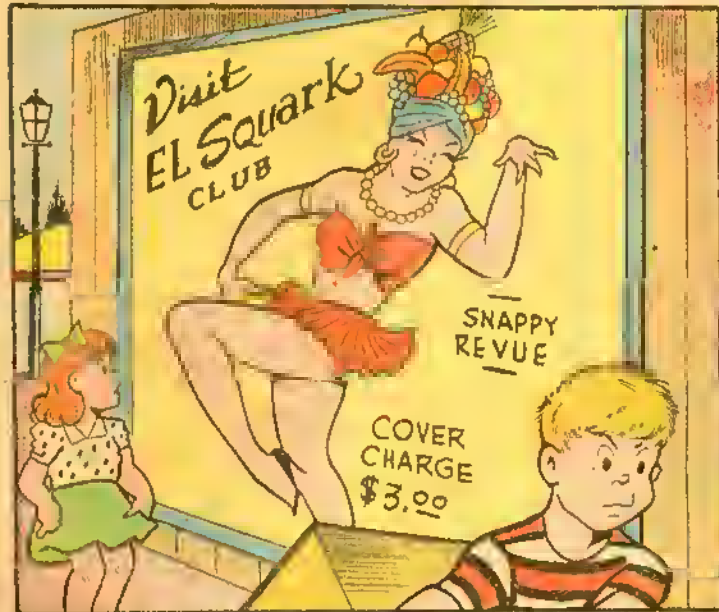
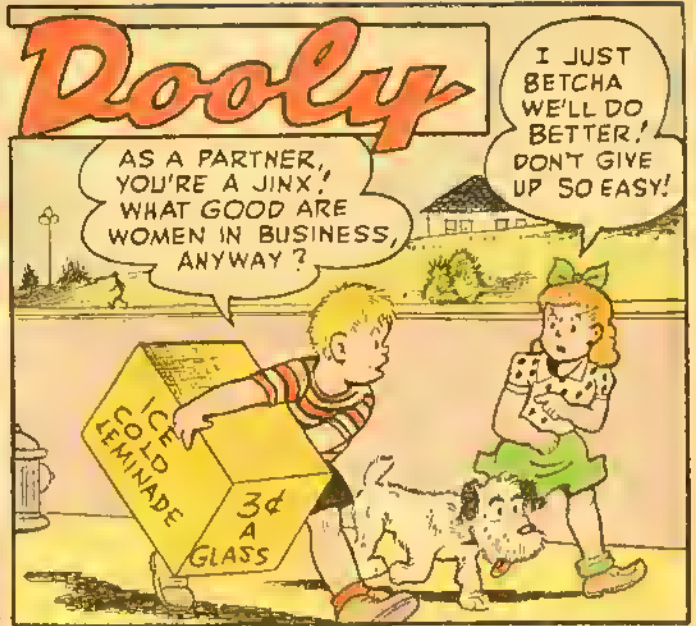
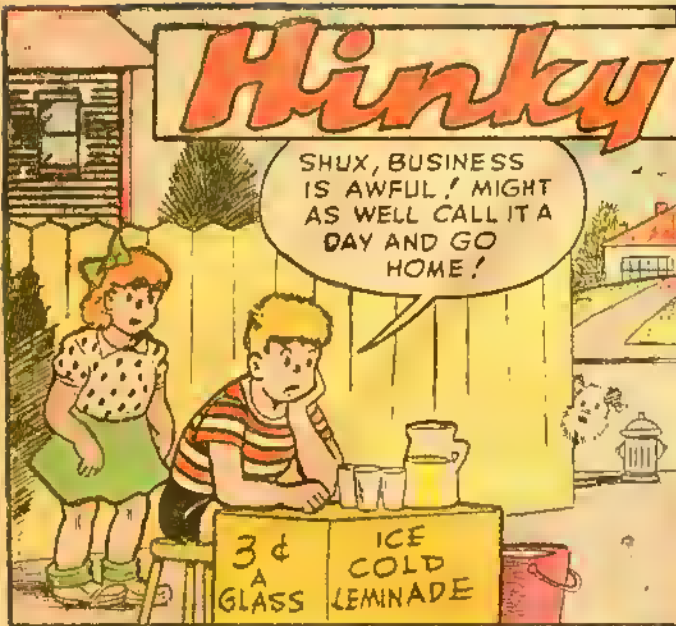
HE FOUND OUT BOBBIE WAS PLAYING AROUND WITH MALONEY! HE HAD THAT ITEM PRINTED TO TO BREAK UP THE AFFAIR... IF THAT FAILED, HE' PLANNED TO FRAME MALONEY FOR WALT SULLIVAN'S MURDER!

BUT HE FOUND OUT TOO LATE THAT MALONEY WAS ON HIS WAY TO JAIL! THAT LEFT LANCE AS THE ONLY OTHER FAL... GUY!



THAT REMINDS ME! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO JAIL IN TIME FOR LANCE GALLANT TO BE RELEASED OR HE'LL BE IN MORE TROUBLE!

Hinky Dooly

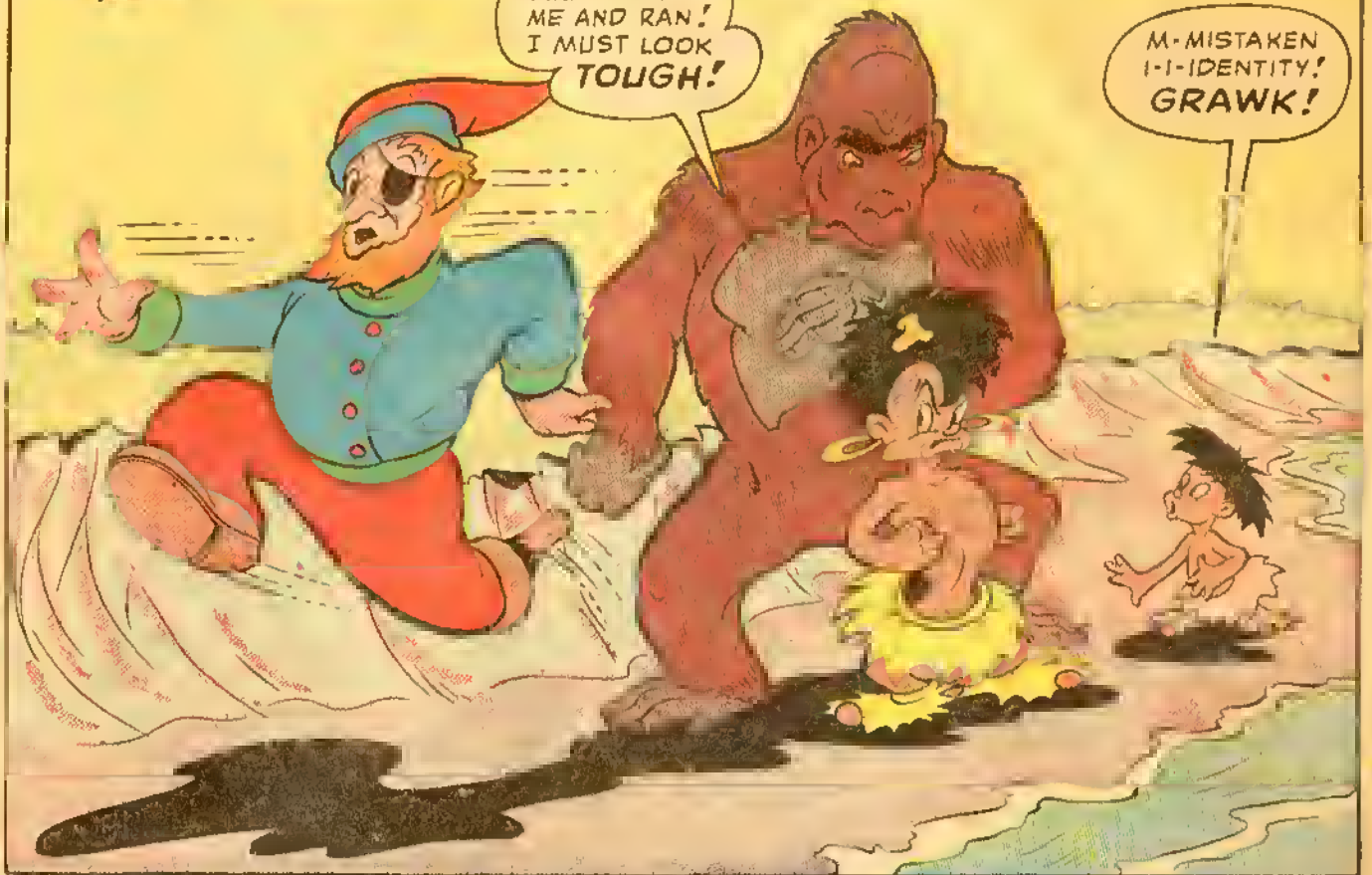


FLOOGY

The
FIJI

HAH! THAT
PIRATE SAW
ME AND RAN!
I MUST LOOK
TOUGH!

M-MISTAKEN
I-I-IDENTITY!
GRAWK!



EEEE!
EEEE!

LISTEN,
FLOOGY!
WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE?

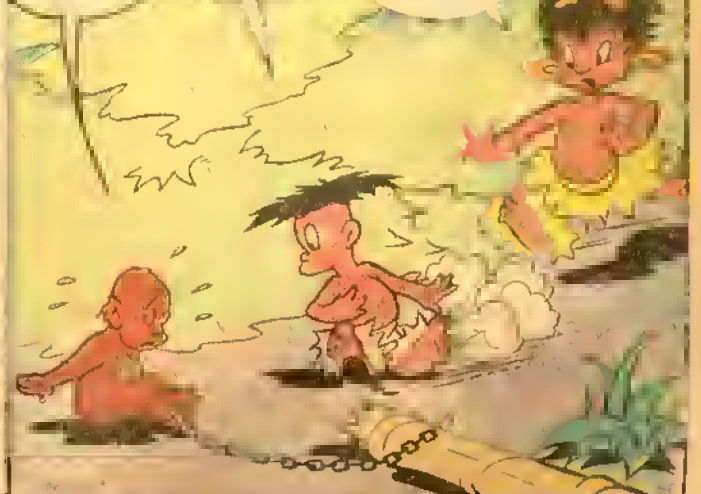
IT SOUNDS LIKE
SOMEBODY'S IN
TROUBLE! LET'S
FIND OUT,
FUZZY!



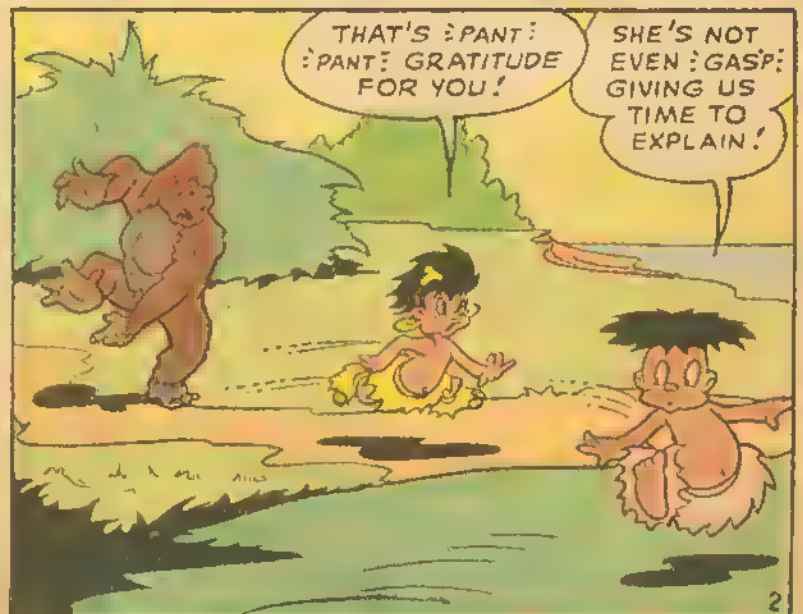
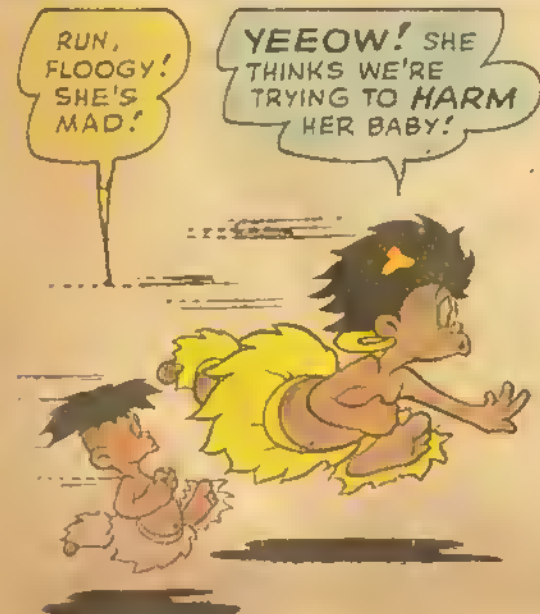
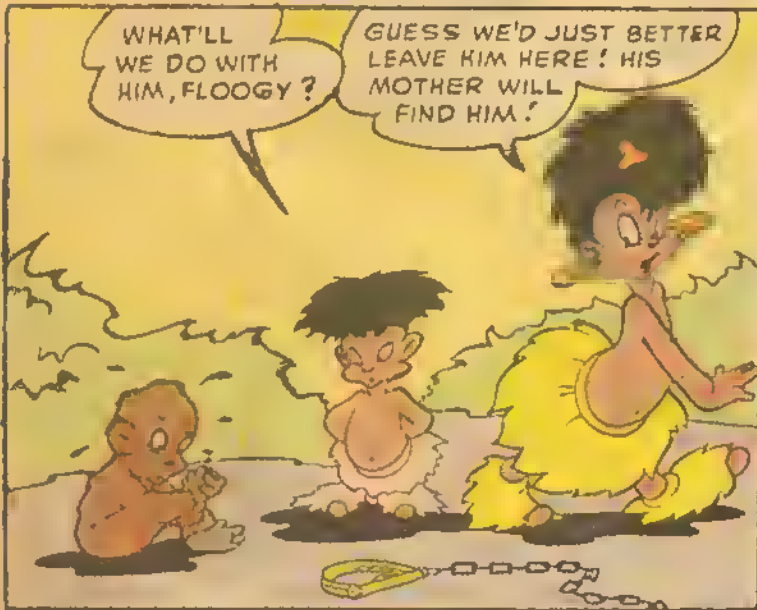
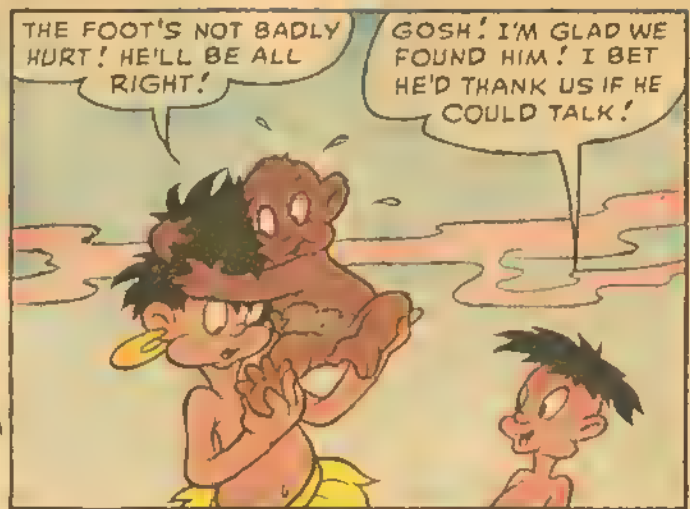
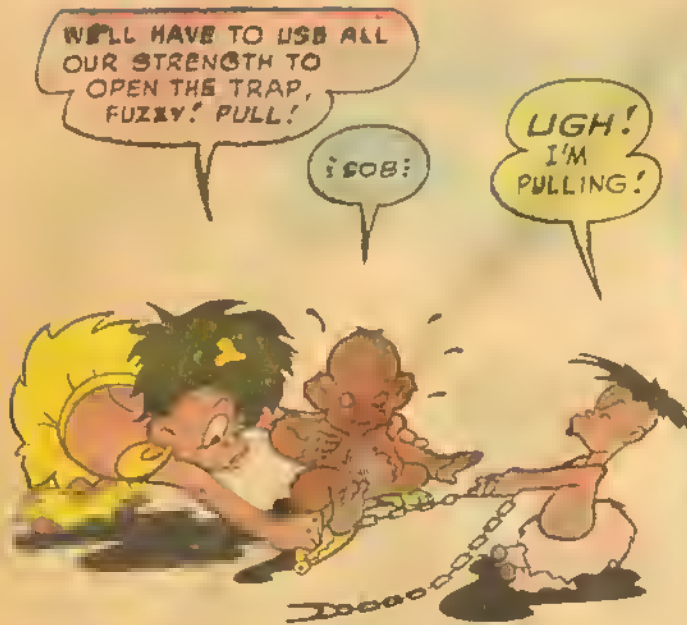
EEEE!
EEEE!
SOB!

IT'S A
BABY
GORILLA!

AND HIS FOOT'S CAUGHT
IN A TRAP! WE MUST
GET HIM
LOOSE!



CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS

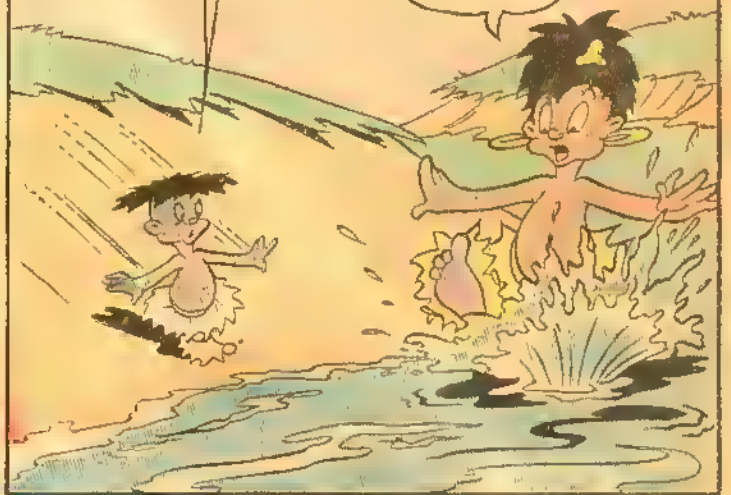
IS SHE GAINING
ON US, FLOOGY?

I DON'T
KNOW! I'M
AFRAID TO
LOOK!



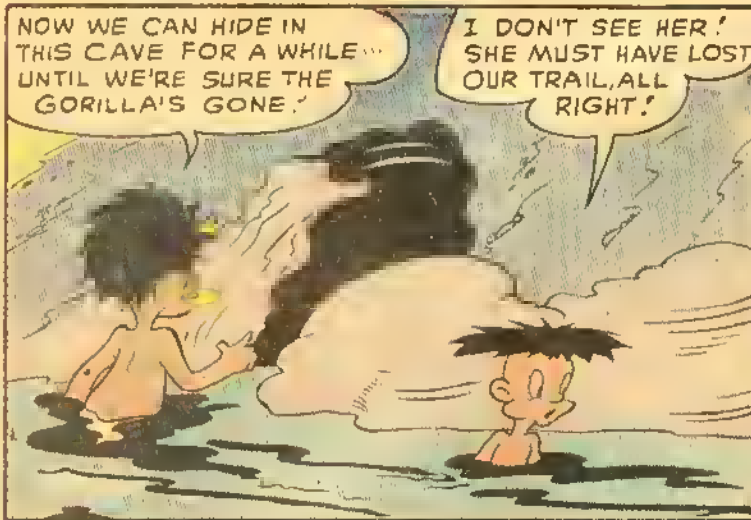
WHAT'LL WE DO
NOW, FLOOGY...
SWIM?

FOLLOW ME! IF WE
WADE IN THE WATER,
WE WON'T LEAVE ANY
TRACKS!



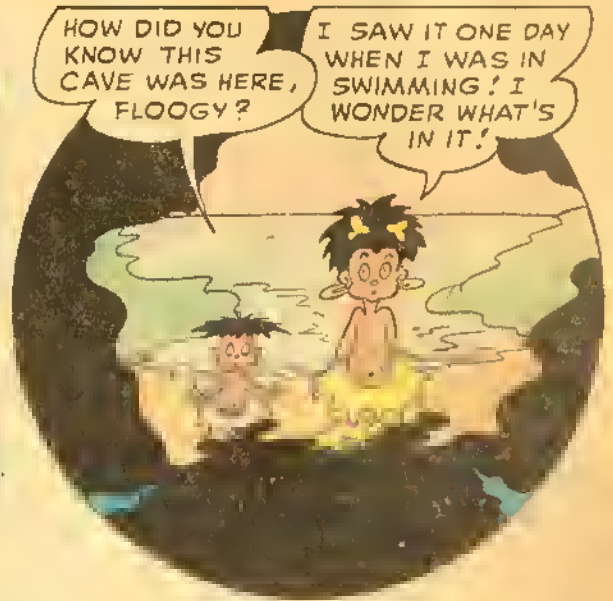
NOW WE CAN HIDE IN
THIS CAVE FOR A WHILE...
UNTIL WE'RE SURE THE
GORILLA'S GONE.

I DON'T SEE HER!
SHE MUST HAVE LOST
OUR TRAIL, ALL
RIGHT!



HOW DID YOU
KNOW THIS
CAVE WAS HERE,
FLOOGY?

I SAW IT ONE DAY
WHEN I WAS IN
SWIMMING! I
WONDER WHAT'S
IN IT!



MAYBE IT'S AN
OLD PIRATES'
DEN AND WE'LL
FIND A LOT OF
HIDDEN TREASURE!
LET'S LOOK
AROUND!

PIRATES?
GOSH!

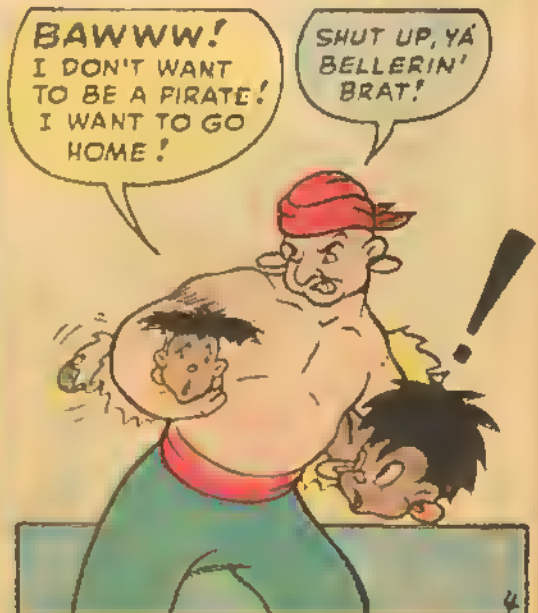
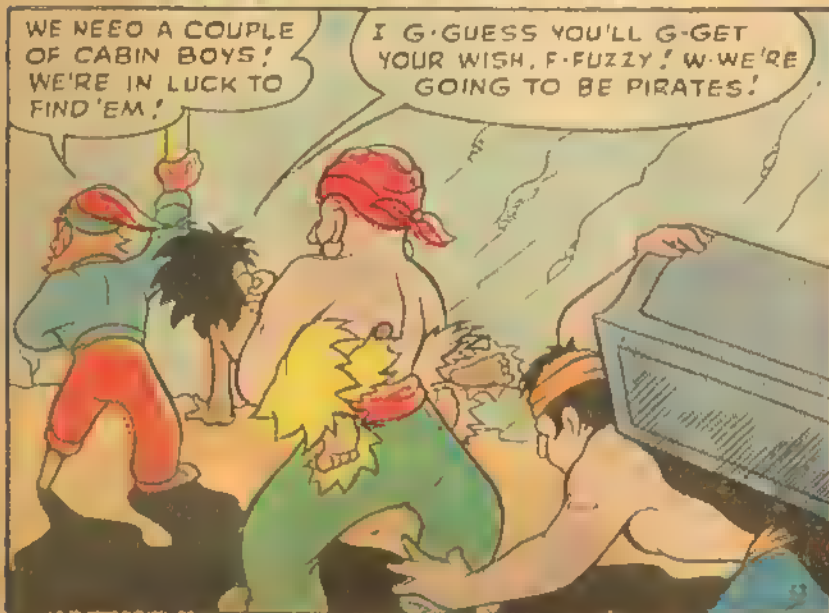
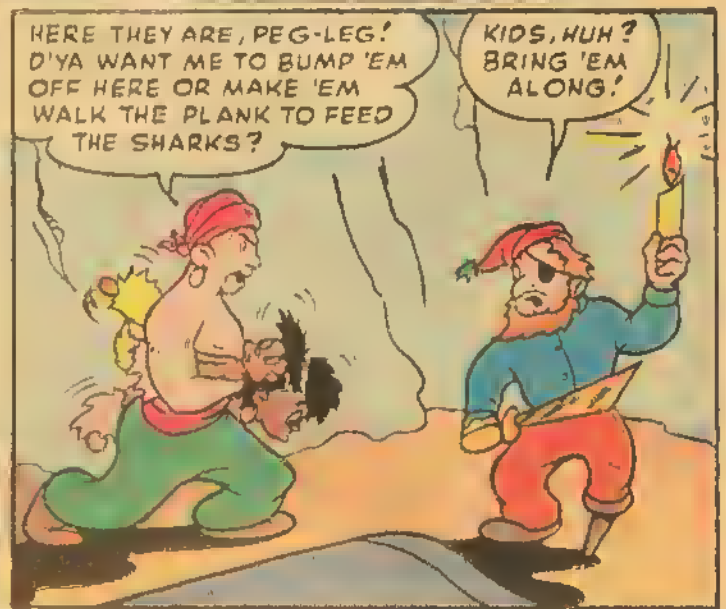
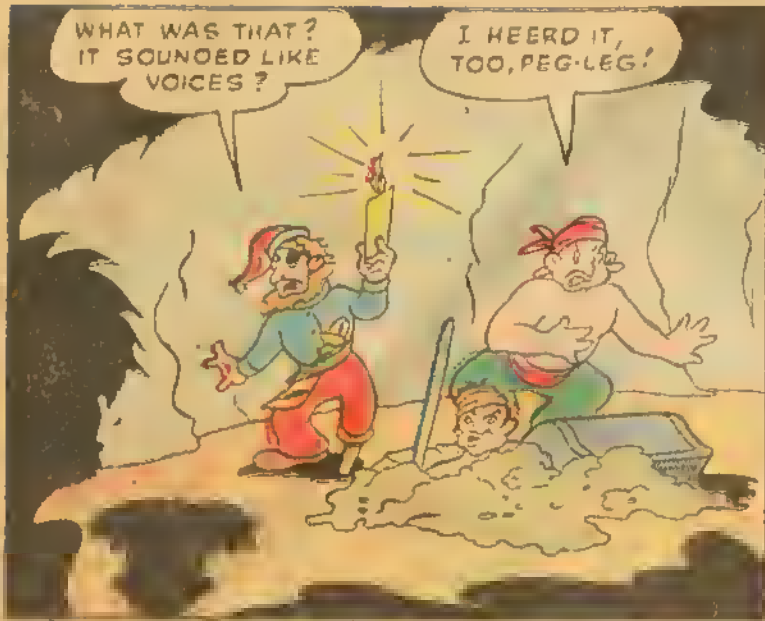


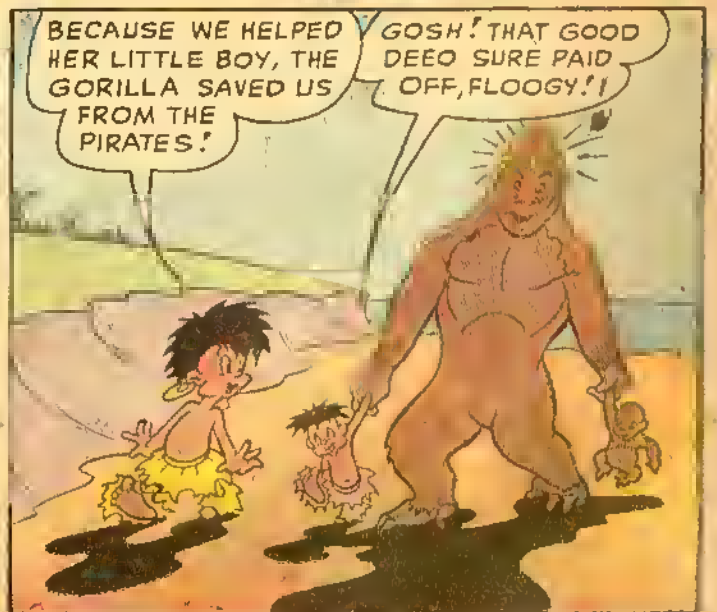
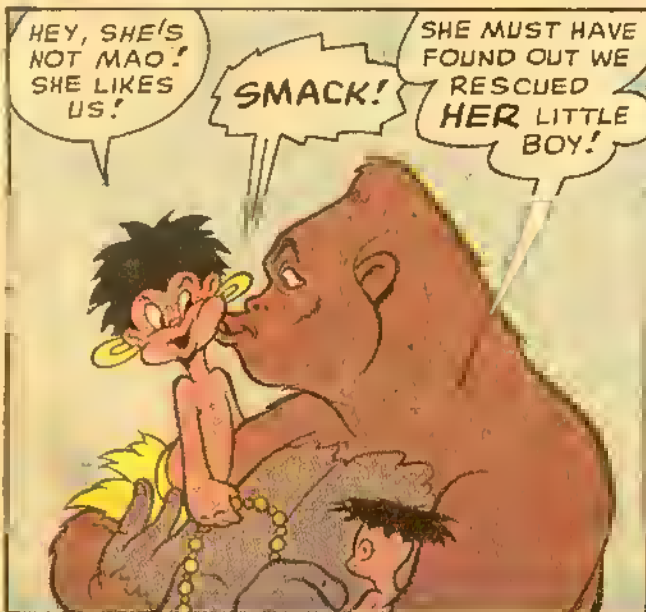
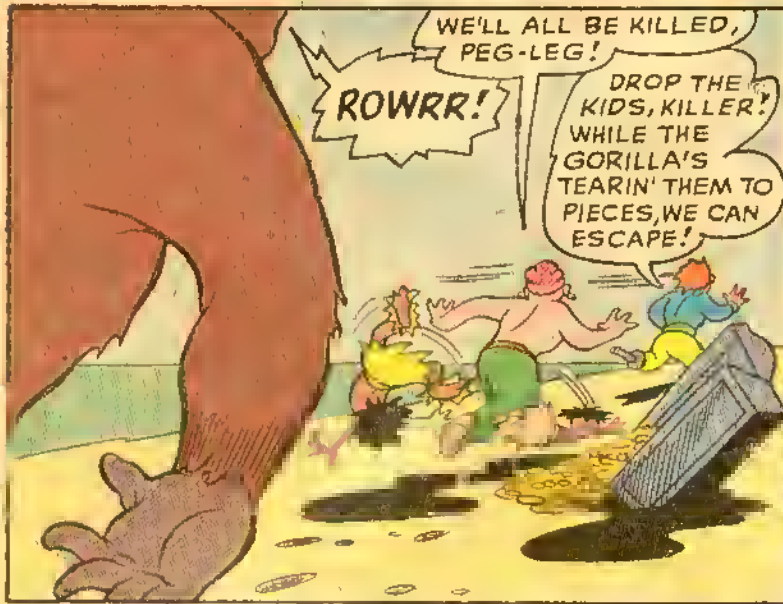
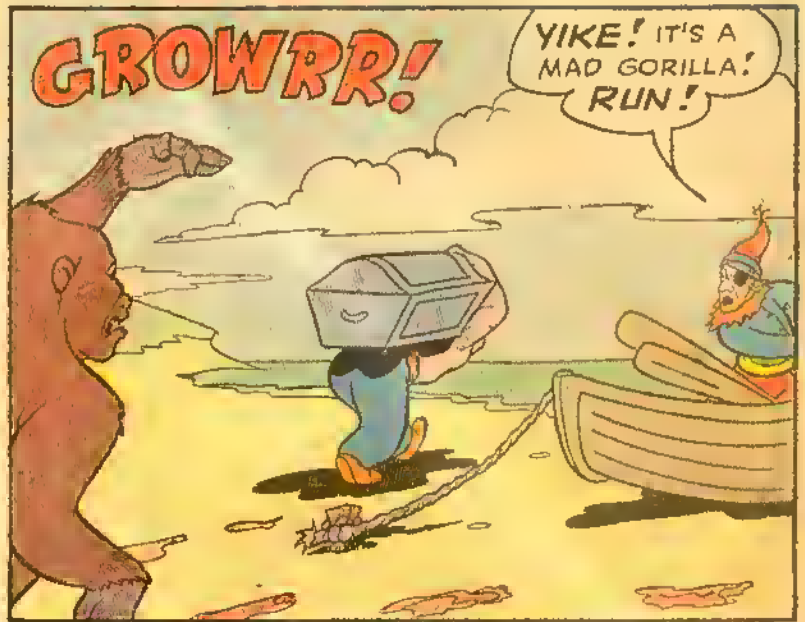
I'D LIKE TO
BE A
PIRATE!

⊖ GULP ⊖ BE QUIET,
FUZZY! LOOK!



CRACK COMICS





A GREAT SCULPTOR, YOU SAY? YOU MEAN HE RANKS WITH RODIN AND THOSE OTHER GREAT MASTERS?

Molly the Model

AH, YOUNG LADY... PARDON ME, BUT...

OH, WHAT A BREAK... IF I COULD ONLY GET HIM TO NOTICE ME!

THAT'S WHAT I HEAR!

YOU MEAN YOU'D **REALLY** LIKE ME TO POSE FOR YOU?

WHY NOT, YOUNG WOMAN?

30 minutes later...

THIS POSE IS KILLING ME, BUT IF I CAN **ONLY** PLEASE HIM...

1 hour hence...

FINISHED? OH, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

OH, DON'T THANK ME...

BUT... BUT... THAT'S JUST A ROUGH PRACTICE MODEL, I HOPE!

NO, INDEED... THAT IS THE FINISHED JOB... **50¢** PLEASE!

HEY! HALF A BUCK, I SAID!

TELLING ME HE WAS A GREAT SCULPTOR!

WELL, I STILL THINK HE AIN'T BAD!

LET BEACHY BUTCH MODEL YOU IN SAND only **50¢**

EES HERE
LIVE MOLLY
LE MODEL?

Molly the Model

NEVER MIND...
DO SOMETHING
TO GET RID OF
HIM, POP...
ANYTHING!

I'LL CALL
HER!

GOOD GOSH! IT MUST BE
THAT WACKY ARTIST, PIERRE...
HE WANTS TO MARRY ALL HIS
MODELS, AND I'M PROBABLY
NEXT ON HIS LIST!

SEEMS LIKE
AN UNSELFISH
HOBBY!

ANYTHING?

ANYTHING,
SHE SAID!

YIPEE!

YIPEE?

YES! YIPEE! YOU MARRY MOLLY
AND I COME TO LIVE WITH YOU...
INVITE ALL MY FRIENDS TO BIG
PARTIES IN YOUR STUDIO EVERY
NIGHT... GAY TIMES FOR ALL
AND I RETIRE... ZOWIE,
POW AND WOW!

HMM!

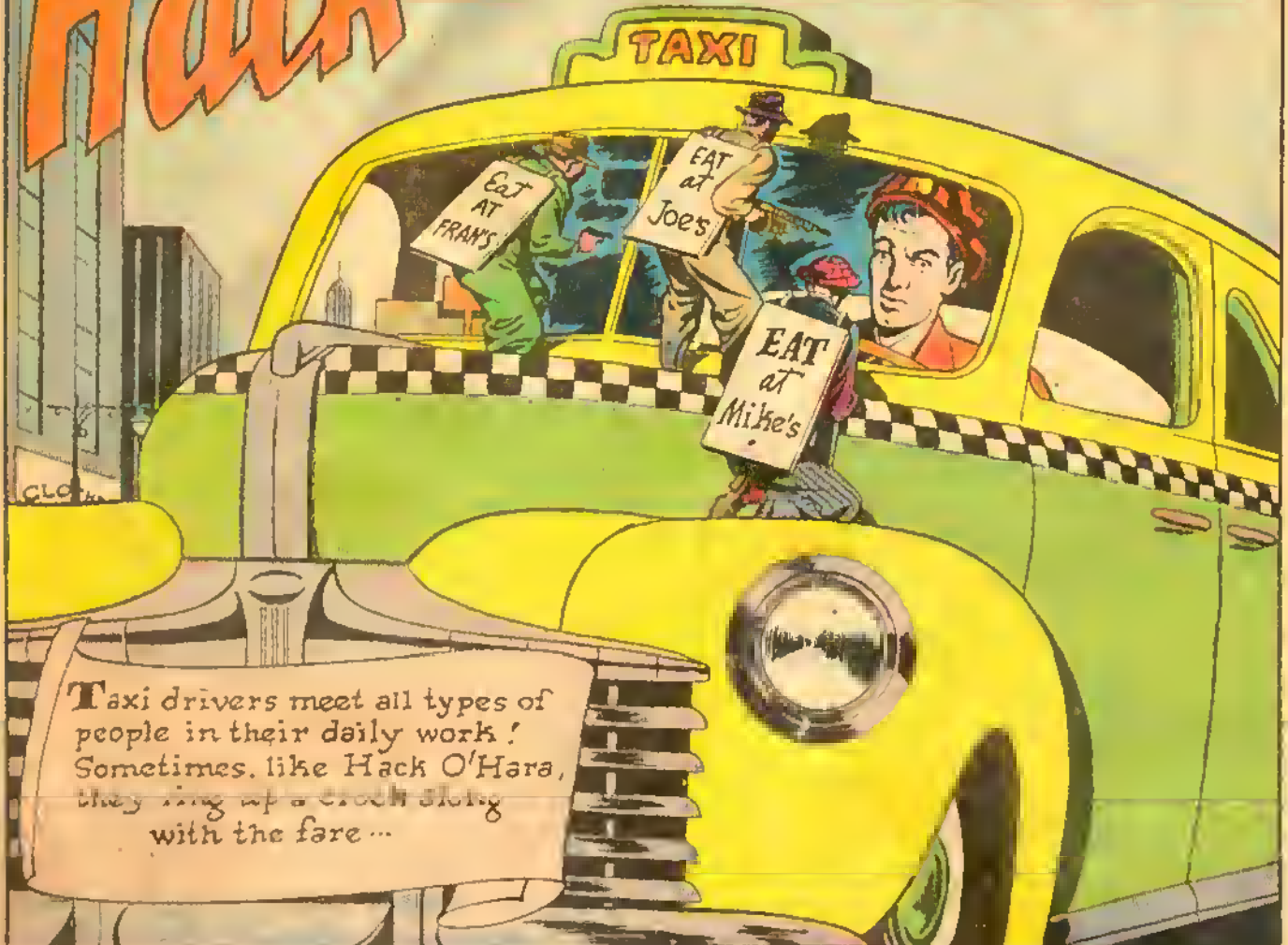
I ONLY CAME TO PAY MDLLY HER
BACK WAGES, BUT NOW YOU
MENTION MARRYING AND ZAT
PARTY STUFF! ZOWIE, POW
AND WOW! I LIKE ZE IDEA,
TOO!

I HAVE LOTSA MONEY
AND RETIRE, TOO!
WHEN IS WEDDING?
WOW!

ER... SAY, MOLLY... ARE YOU SURE
YOU DON'T WANNA GO THROUGH
WITH THIS? HE SEEMS LIKE A
VERY SENSIBLE CHAP
TO ME!

LET ME OUT OF
THIS CRAZY HOUSE
BEFORE I CRACK UP
WITH THE TWO OF
YOU!

Hack O'HARA

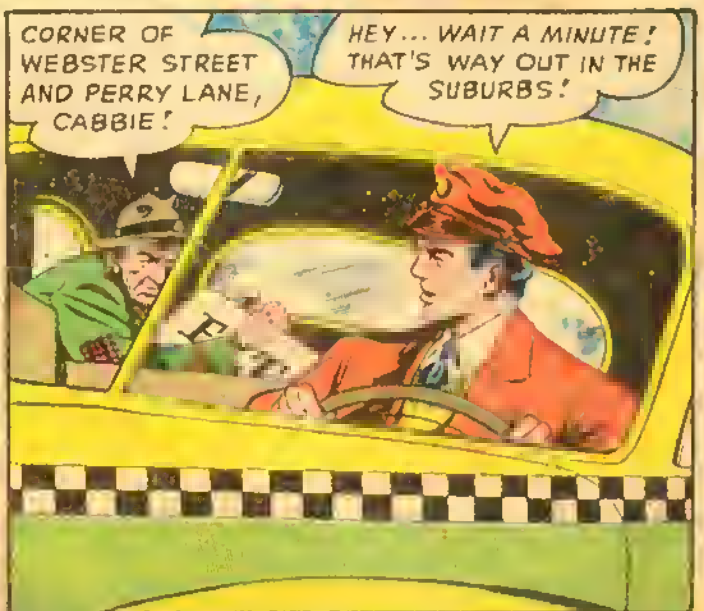


...Take, for instance, Hack's adventure with the wealthy sandwich man ...

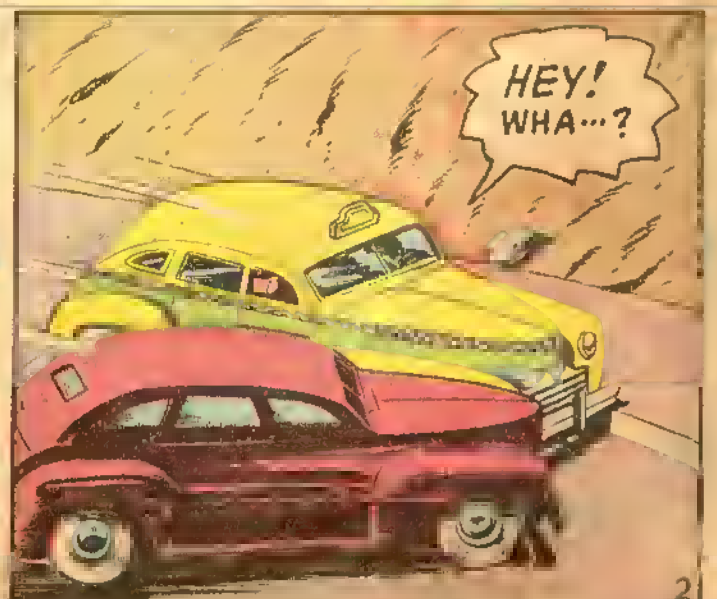
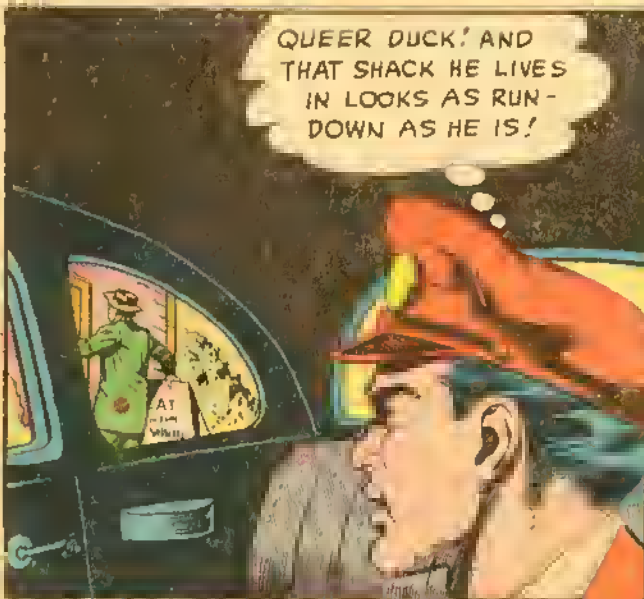
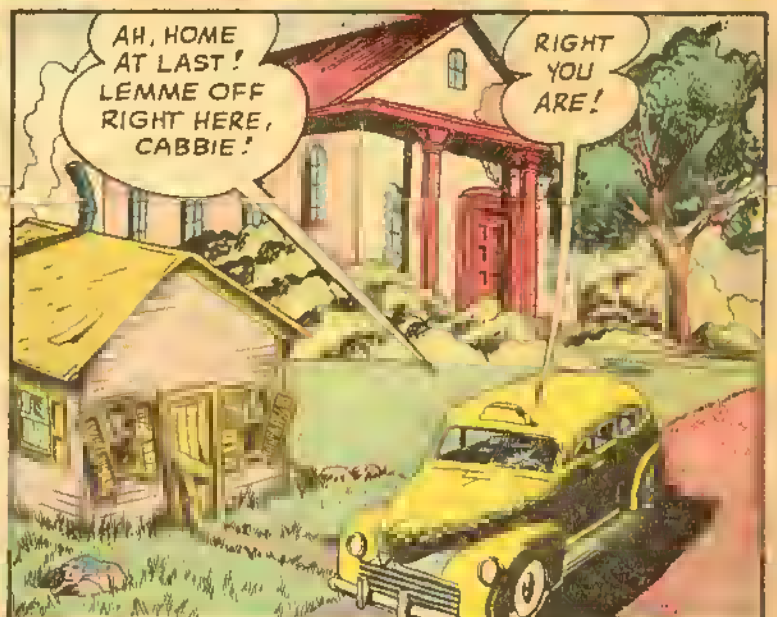
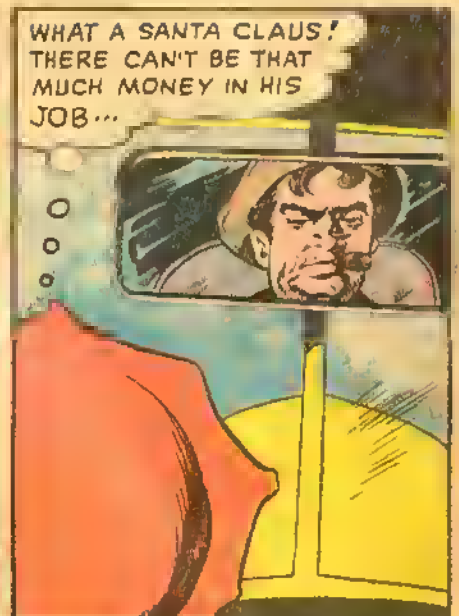


CORNER OF WEBSTER STREET AND PERRY LANE, CABBIE!

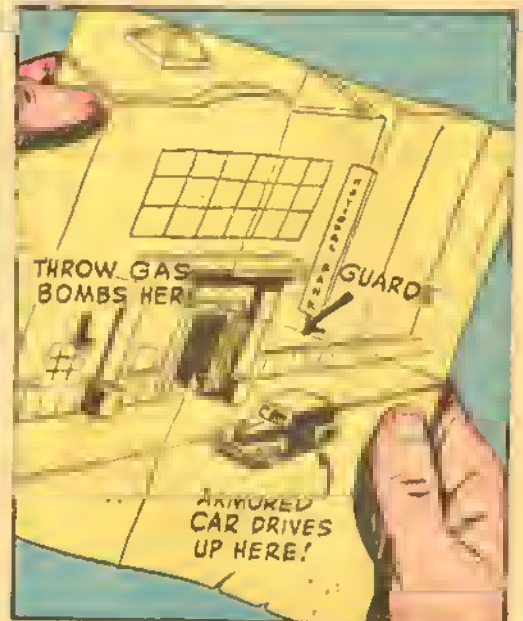
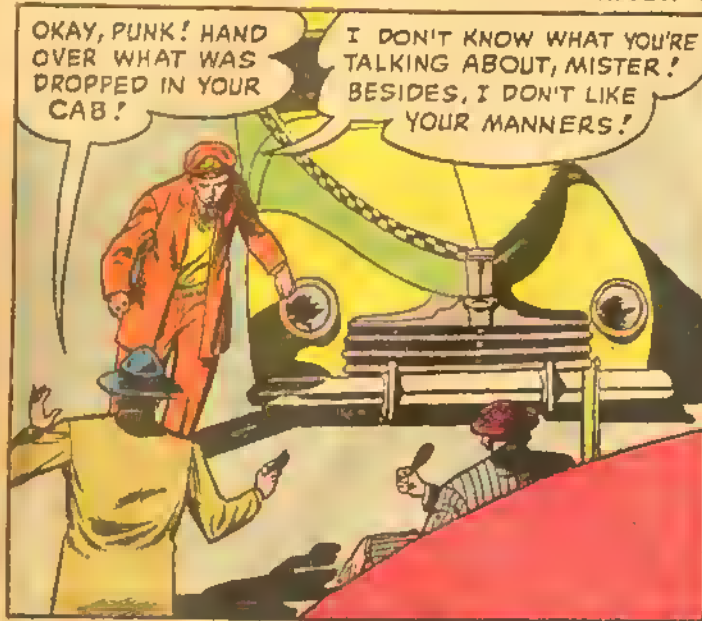
HEY... WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S WAY OUT IN THE SUBURBS!



CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS

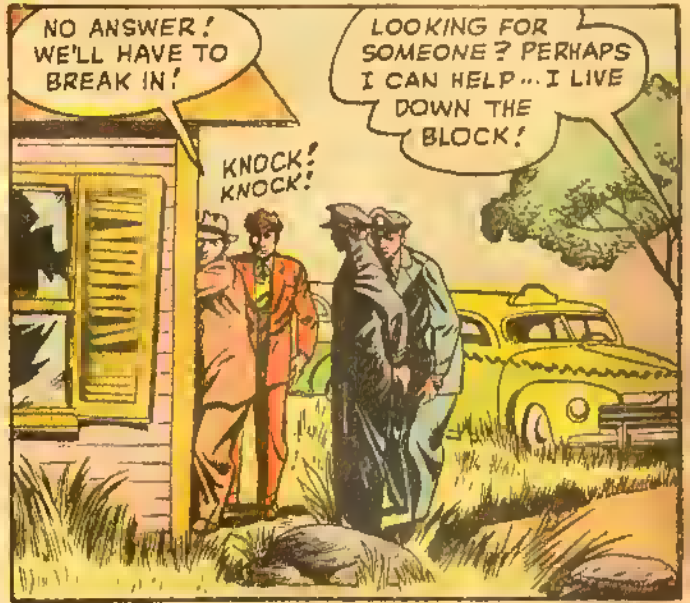


CRACK COMICS



"...AND THAT'S MY STORY, INSPECTOR!"

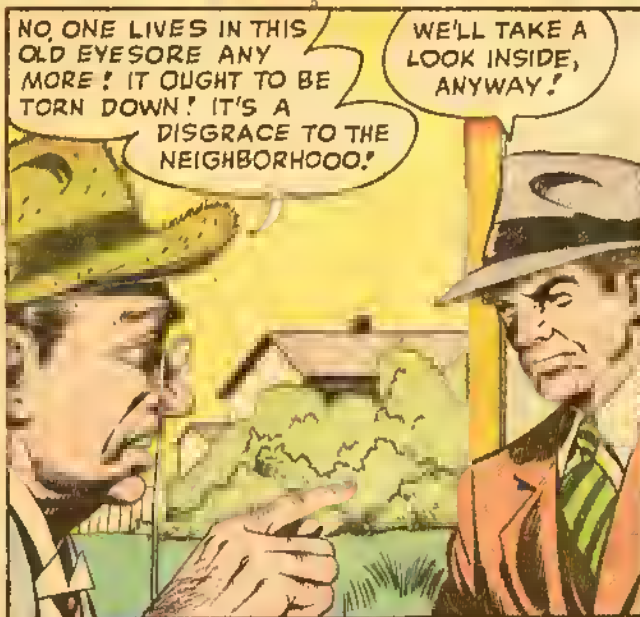
HUH! SANDWICH MEN, BANK ROBBERS... THE WHOLE SETUP SOUNDS SCREWY! BUT IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO... LET'S GO!



NO ANSWER! WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK IN!

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE? PERHAPS I CAN HELP... I LIVE DOWN THE BLOCK!

KNOCK! KNOCK!



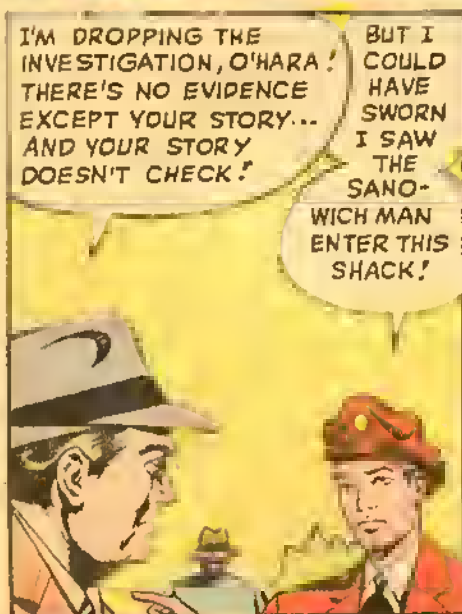
NO, ONE LIVES IN THIS OLD EYESORE ANY MORE! IT OUGHT TO BE TORN DOWN! IT'S A DISGRACE TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

WE'LL TAKE A LOOK INSIDE, ANYWAY!



YOU CAN SEE NO ONE'S BEEN IN HERE FOR YEARS! DUST ON THE FLOOR AN INCH THICK!

YEAH... AND THAT CLOSES OUR CASE! BUT THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!



I'M DROPPING THE INVESTIGATION, O'HARA! THERE'S NO EVIDENCE EXCEPT YOUR STORY... AND YOUR STORY DOESN'T CHECK!

BUT I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW THE SANDWICH MAN ENTER THIS SHACK!



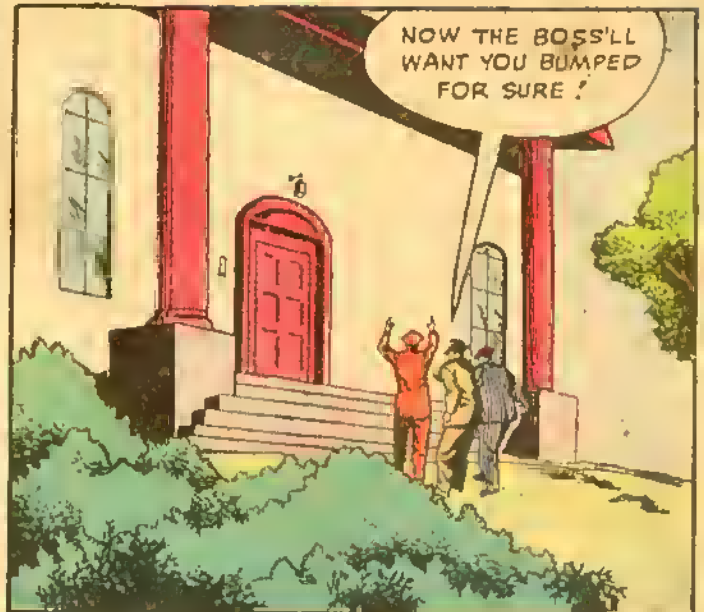
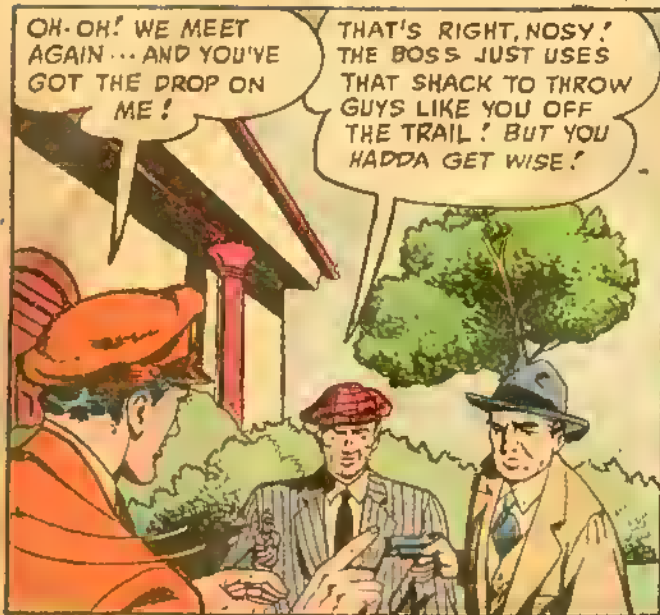
MAYBE I JUST THOUGHT HE WENT IN THE SHACK! HMM! THE GRASS IS TRAMPLED DOWN IN THIS GENERAL DIRECTION! LET'S SEE WHERE IT LEADS!



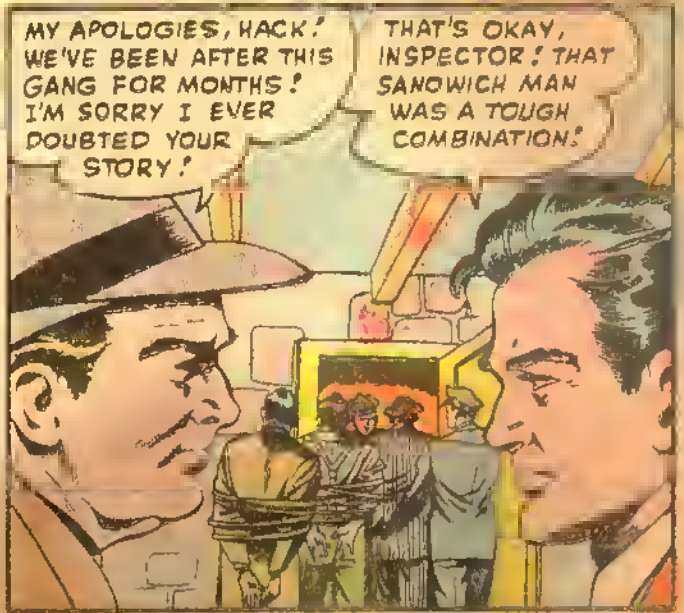
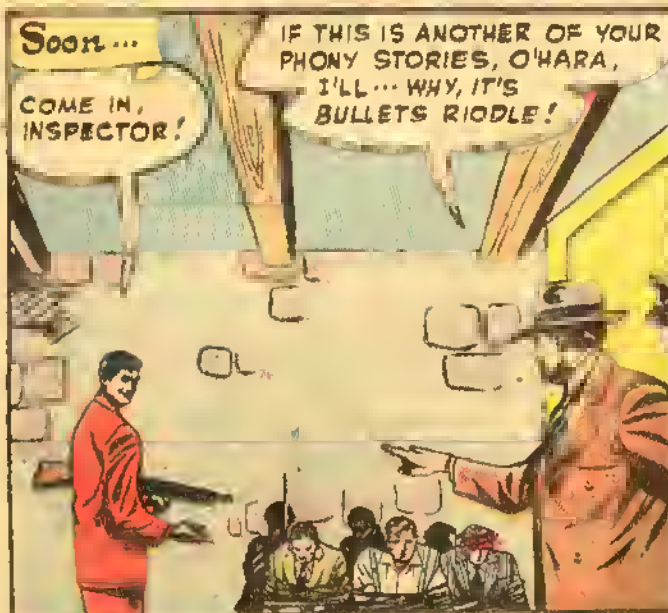
COULD THIS BE WHERE HE WENT?

AWRIGHT, SNOOPER... REACH!

CRACK COMICS

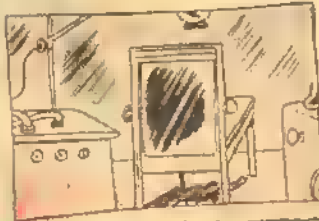


CRACK COMICS



DAILY GAZETTE

LONE THIEF NETS HALF-MILLION IN RADIUM ! POLICE STUMPED OVER LACK OF CLUES IN HOSPITAL ROBBERY !



In broad daylight, with hundreds of employees about, a mysterious stranger stepped boldly into the X-Ray laboratory of City Hospital and melted away seconds later with over half a million dollars

By Klaus

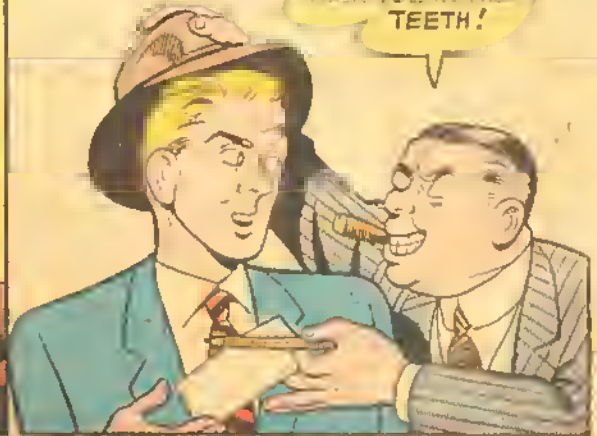
BUT WHY CALL ME IN ON THIS DEAL, BOSS? I DO MY DETECTIVE WORK IN PEN AND INK... THIS JOB CALLS FOR A GUMSHOE EXPERT, NOT AN ARTIST!



DON'T YOU GET IT, YOU SAP? HIS FACE IS A MYSTERY TO A MILLION PEOPLE! IF YOU CAN PICK UP JUST A SMIDGEN OF WHAT HIS PAN LOOKS LIKE, WE'LL SCOOP THE TOWN!

OKAY, CHIEF! WHAT'S A SMIDGEN?

HERE! HERE'S YOUR PENCIL... AND SOME PAPER! NOW BE A GOOD BOY AND GO DRAW A NICE PICTURE AND DADDY WILL NOT BARK YOU IN THE TEETH!



PEN AND INK MILLER

CRACK COMICS

YOU FIGURE IT OUT, MILLER! THE GUY'S A GHOST, IF YOU ASK ME! NOT A FINGERPRINT, NOT A WITNESS, NOT A CLUE!

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT A LABDRATORY TECHNICIAN BEING IN THE X-RAY ROOM AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY?

NO HELP THERE, EITHER! THE TECHNICIAN PLACED THE VIAL OF RADIUM ON A TABLE IN THE OARKROOM! HE KNEW SOMEONE CAME IN, BUT HE THOUGHT IT WAS A MEMBER OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF!

THANKS, CHIEF! I'LL HOP OVER AND TALK TO THE GUY!

ISN'T IT UNUSUAL TO LEAVE SUCH A LARGE AMOUNT OF RADIUM UNGUARDED?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, MR. MILLER, I HAD JUST BROUGHT THE VIAL IN TO STORE IT AWAY!

I HAO PUT IT DOWN HERE AND TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS TO TEST ONE OF THE X-RAY MACHINES, WHEN I HEARD SOMEONE ENTER AND LEAVE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

AND YOU THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF THE STAFF, EH?

SAY! THAT MUCH RADIUM SHOULDO PACK A TERRIFIC RADIATION POWER, SHOULDN'T IT?

WELL, YES... ALTHOUGH IT WAS SEALED IN A HEAVY LEAD CONTAINER, SOME OF THE RAYS MIGHT POSSIBLY LEAK THROUGH!

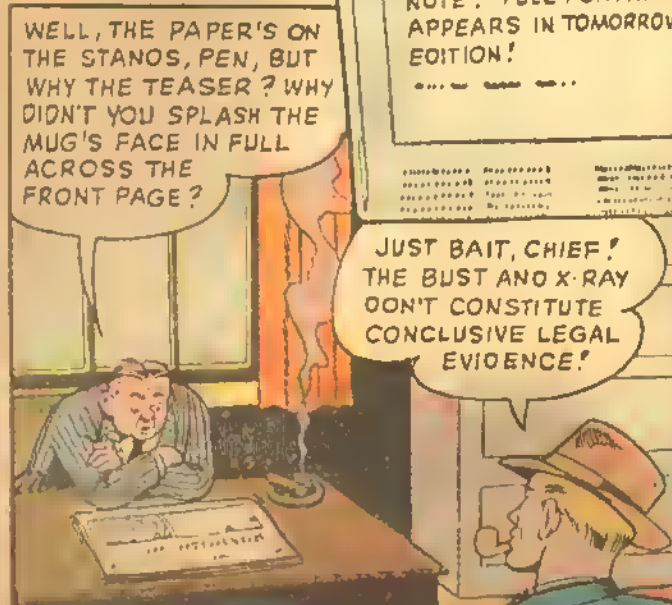
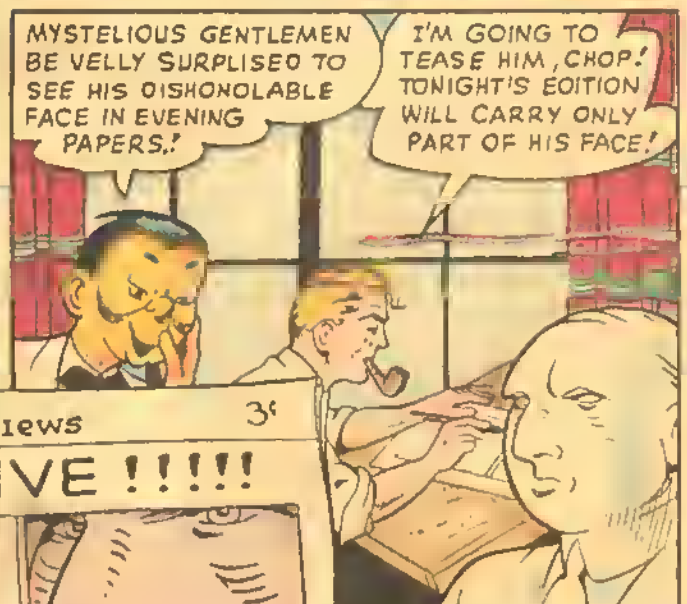
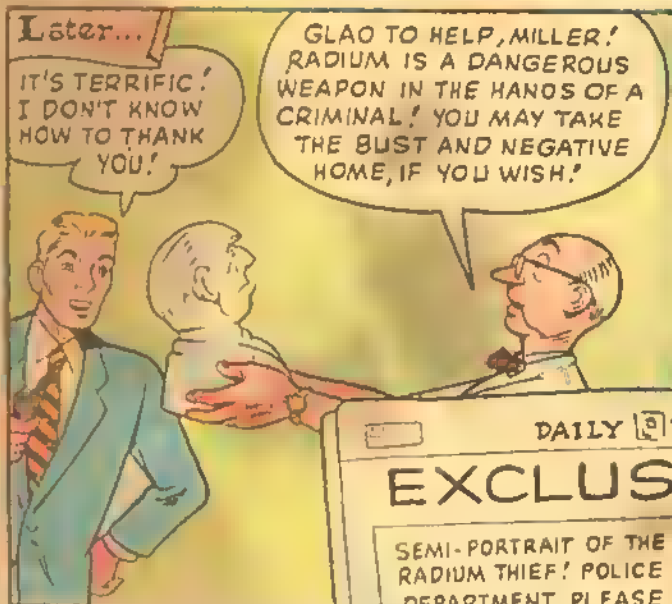
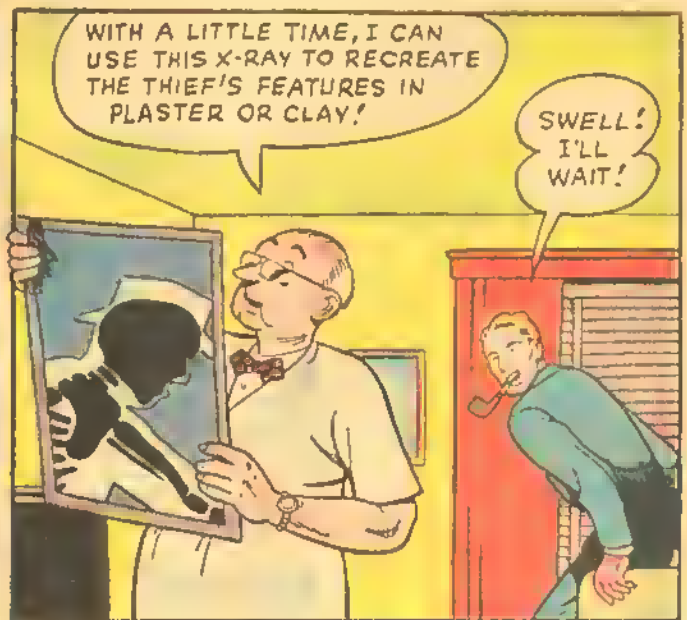
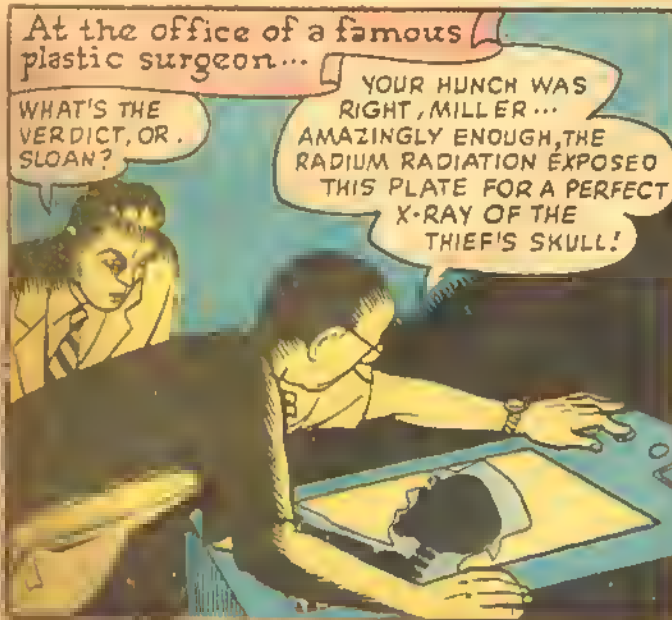
IN ORDER TO SNATCH THE VIAL, THE GUY HAD TO GET BETWEEN THE VIAL AND THIS UPRIGHT MACHINE, RIGHT?

I GUESS SO, BUT WH...

HEY, THAT'S AN UNEXPOSED X-RAY PLATE!

MAYBE IT'S UNEXPOSED AND MAYBE IT ISN'T, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!

CRACK COMICS



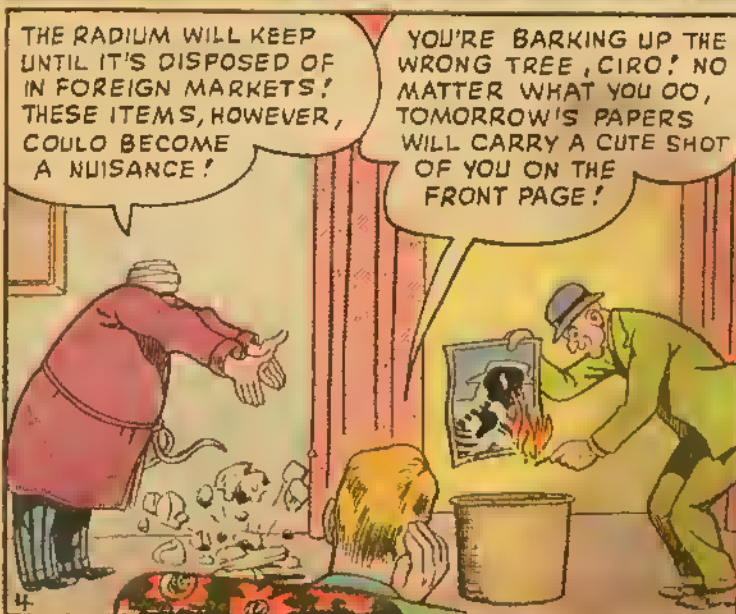
DAILY 3 views 3c

EXCLUSIVE !!!!!

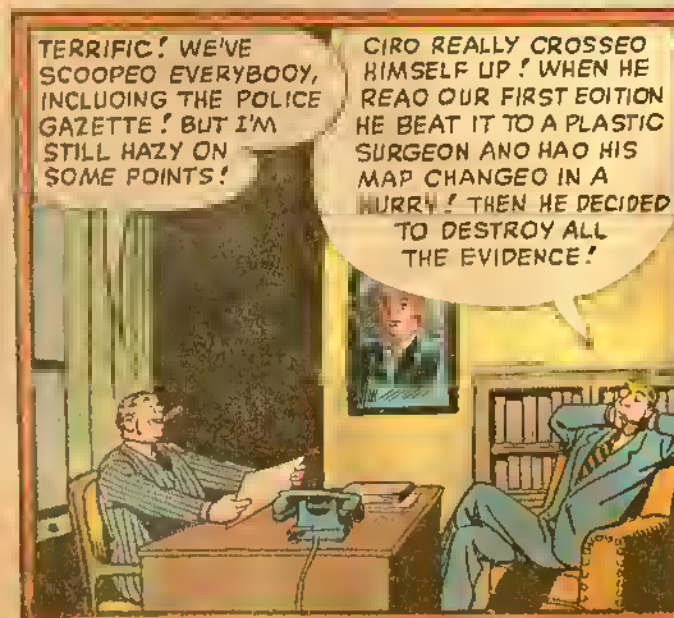
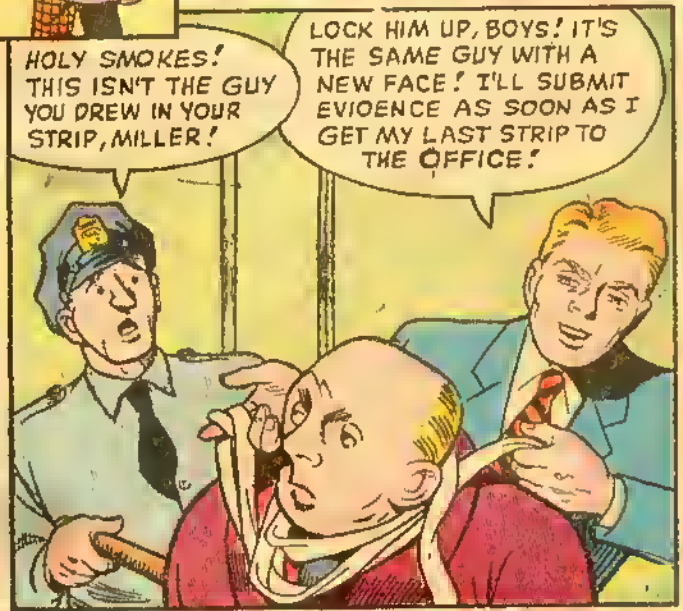
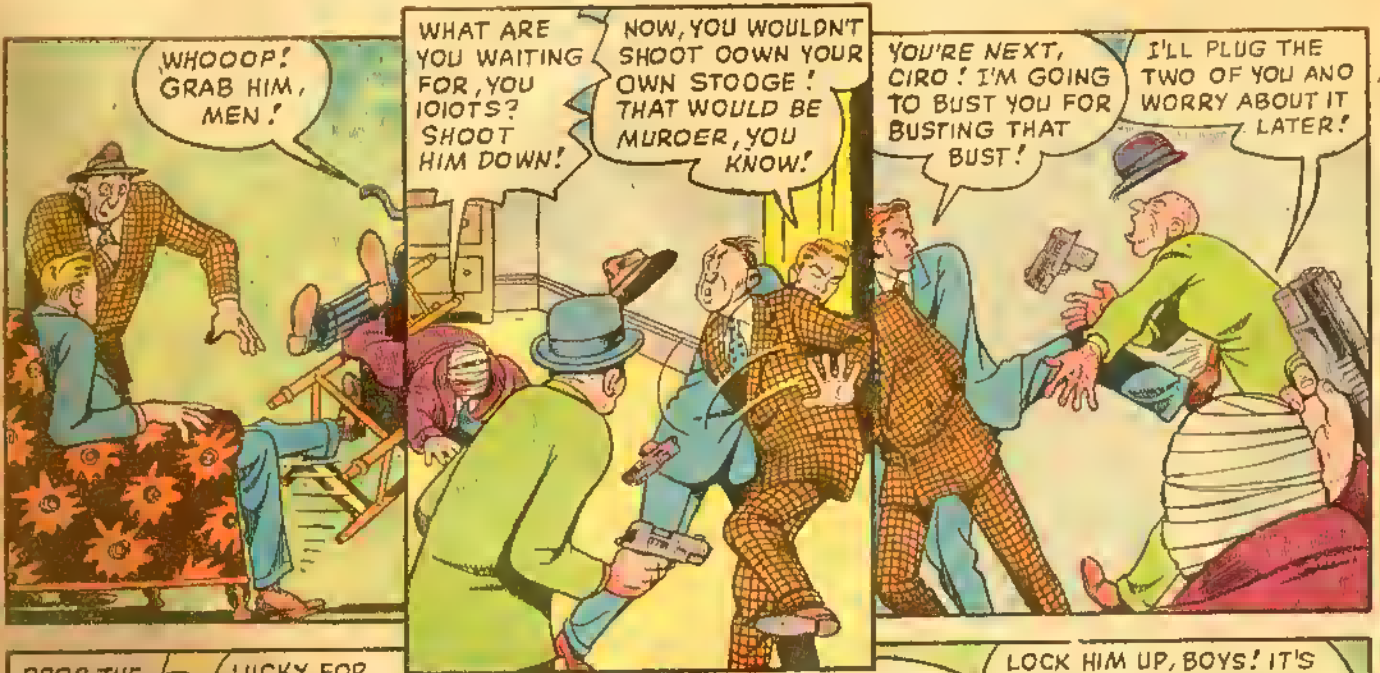
SEMI-PORTRAIT OF THE RADIUM THIEF! POLICE DEPARTMENT PLEASE NOTE! FULL PORTRAIT APPEARS IN TOMORROW'S EDITION!

.....

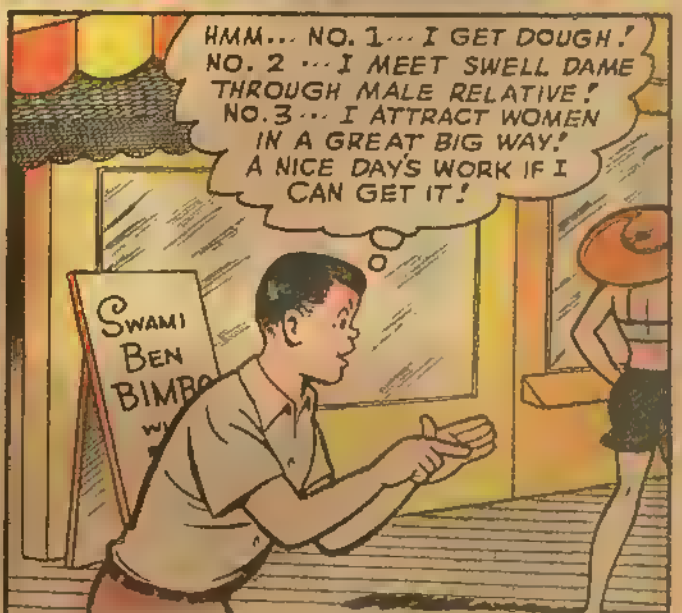
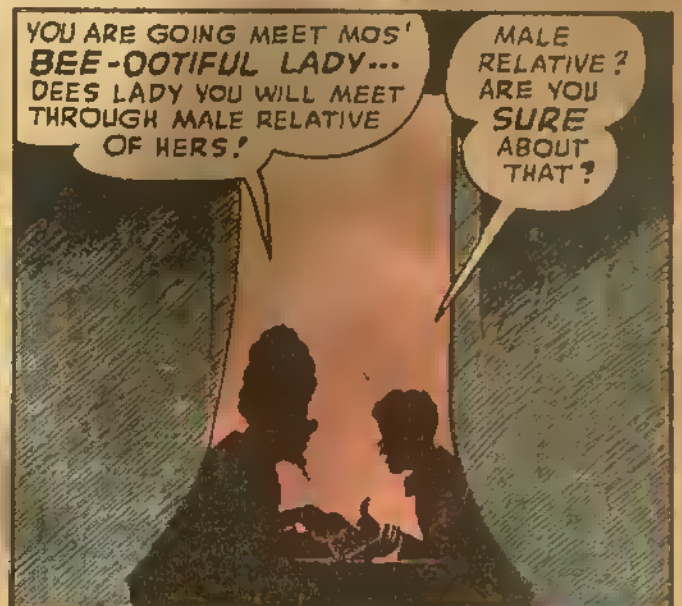
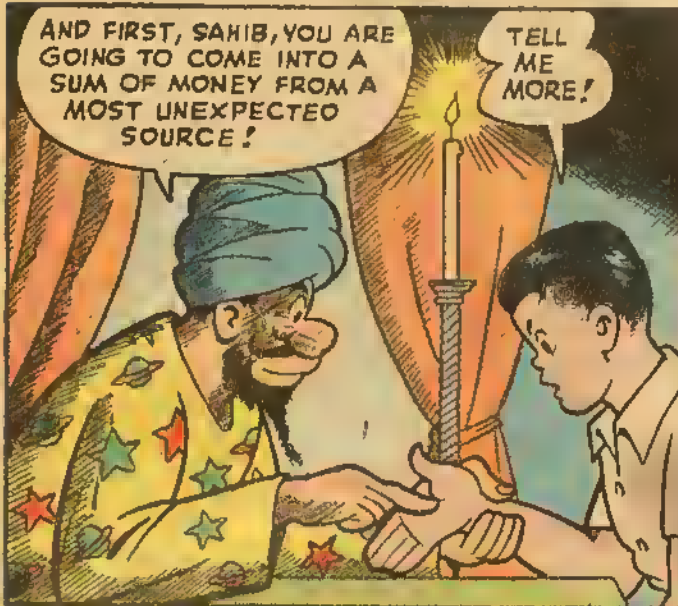
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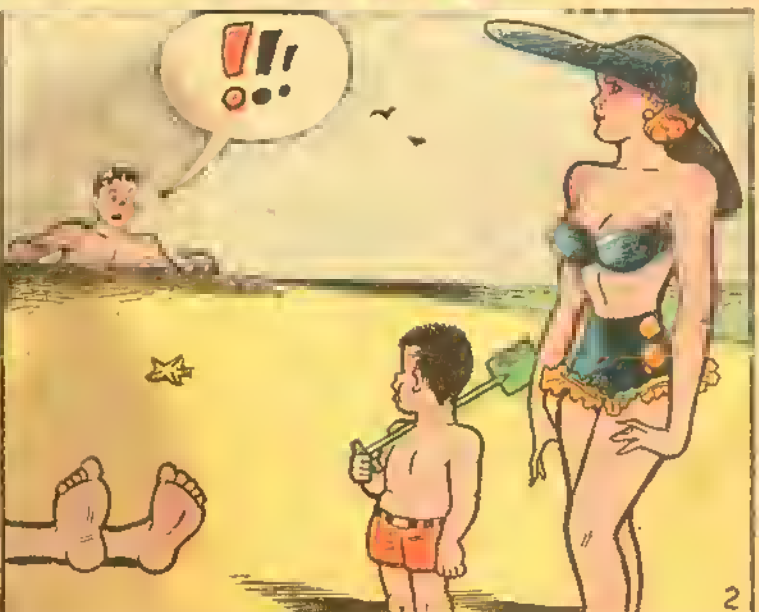
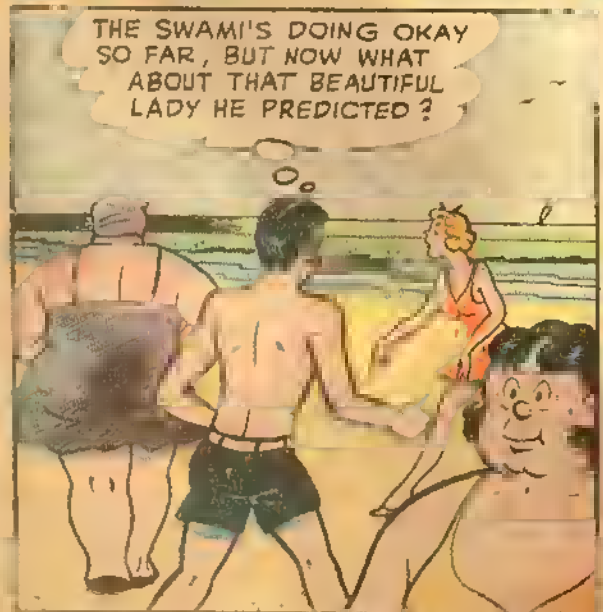
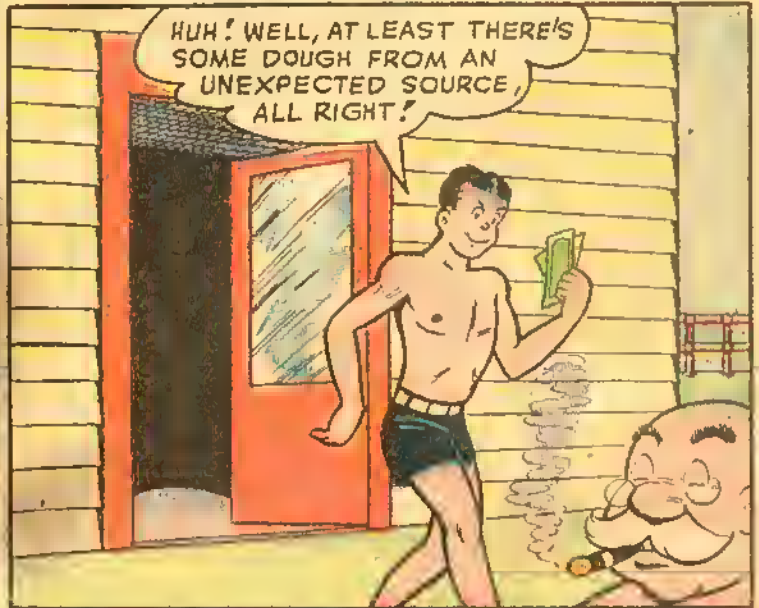
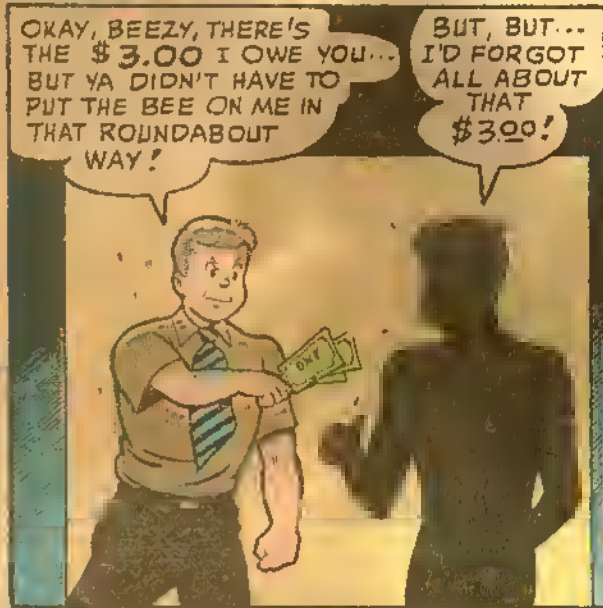
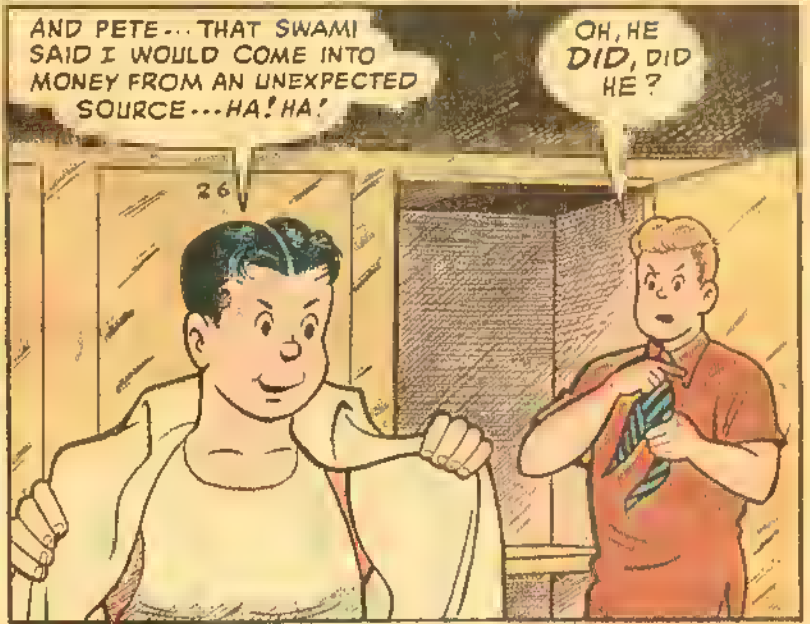
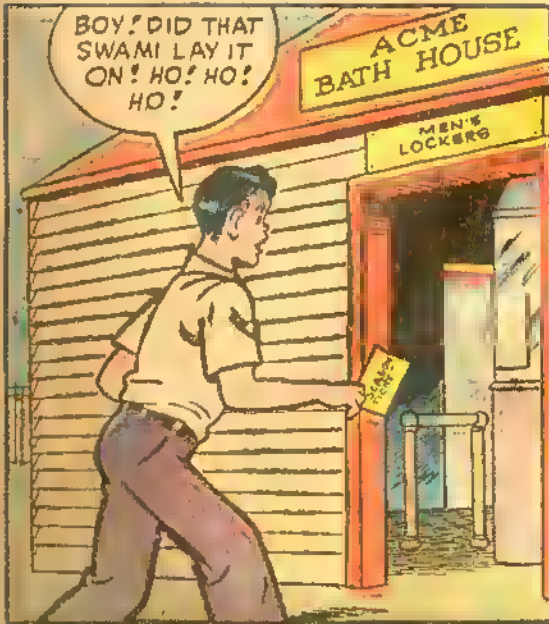
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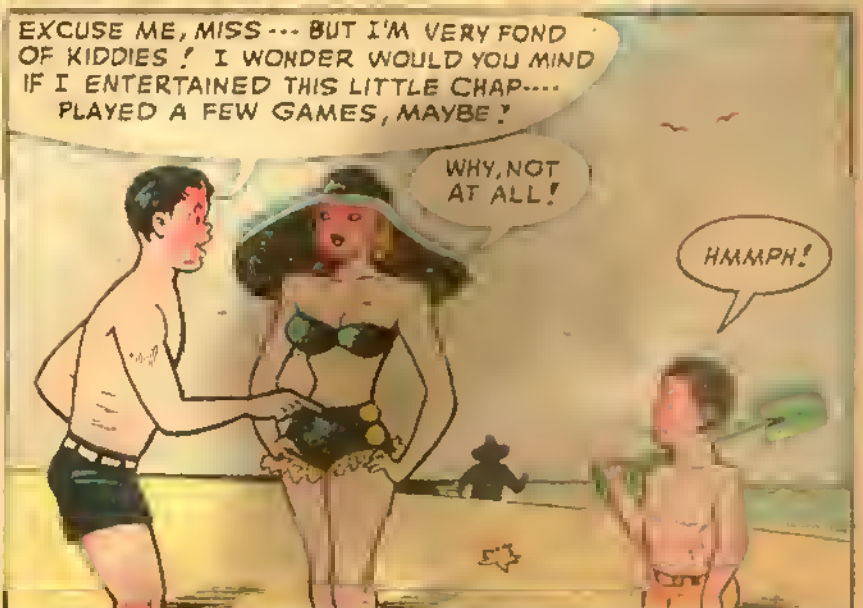
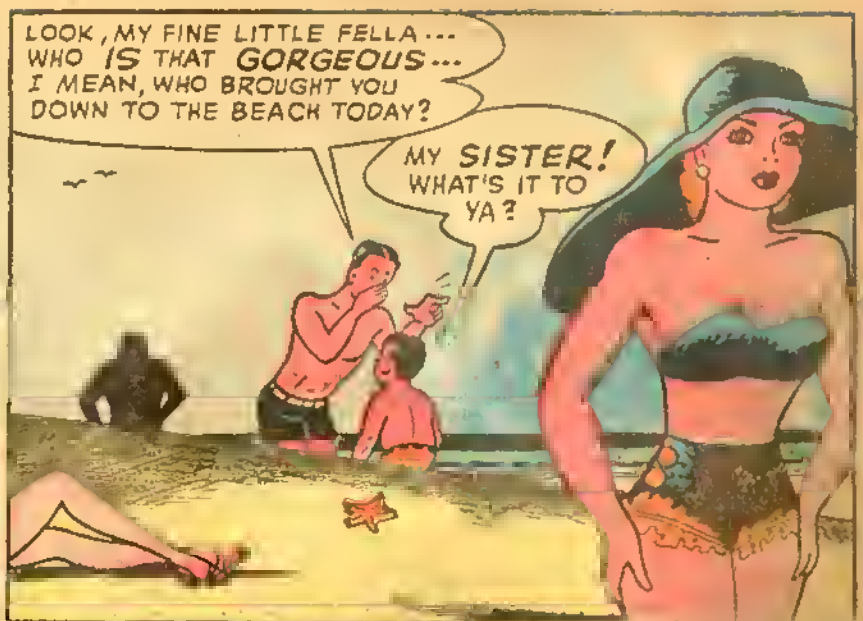


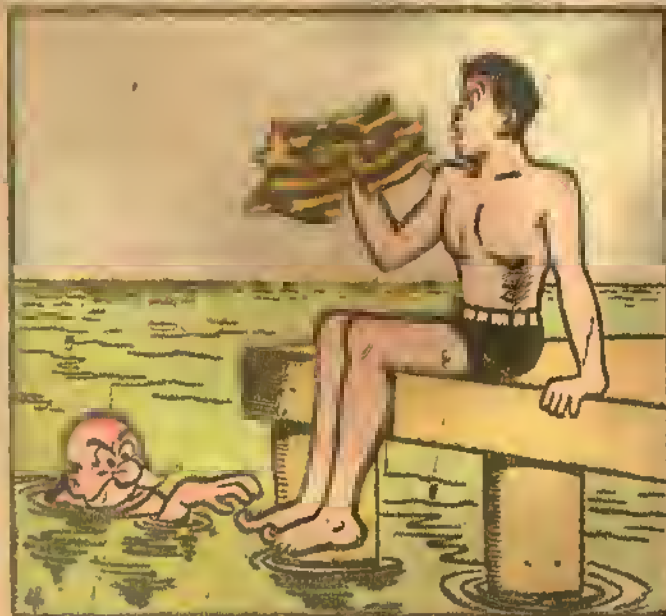
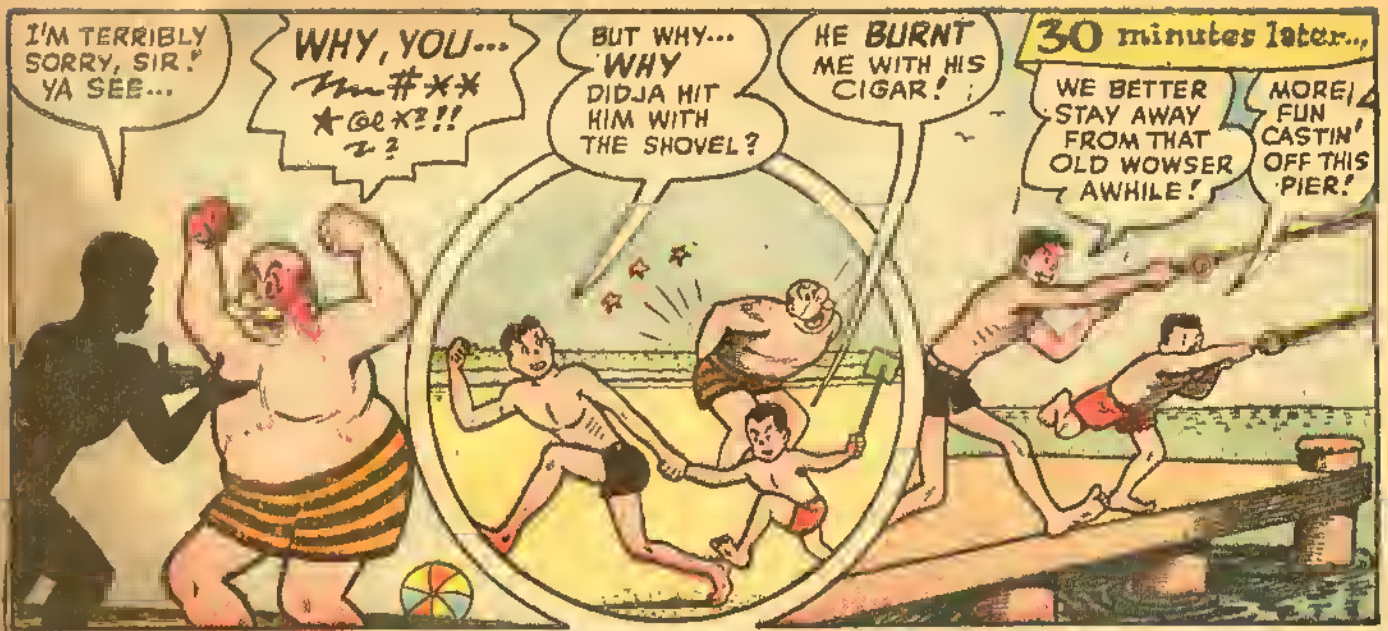
BEEZY

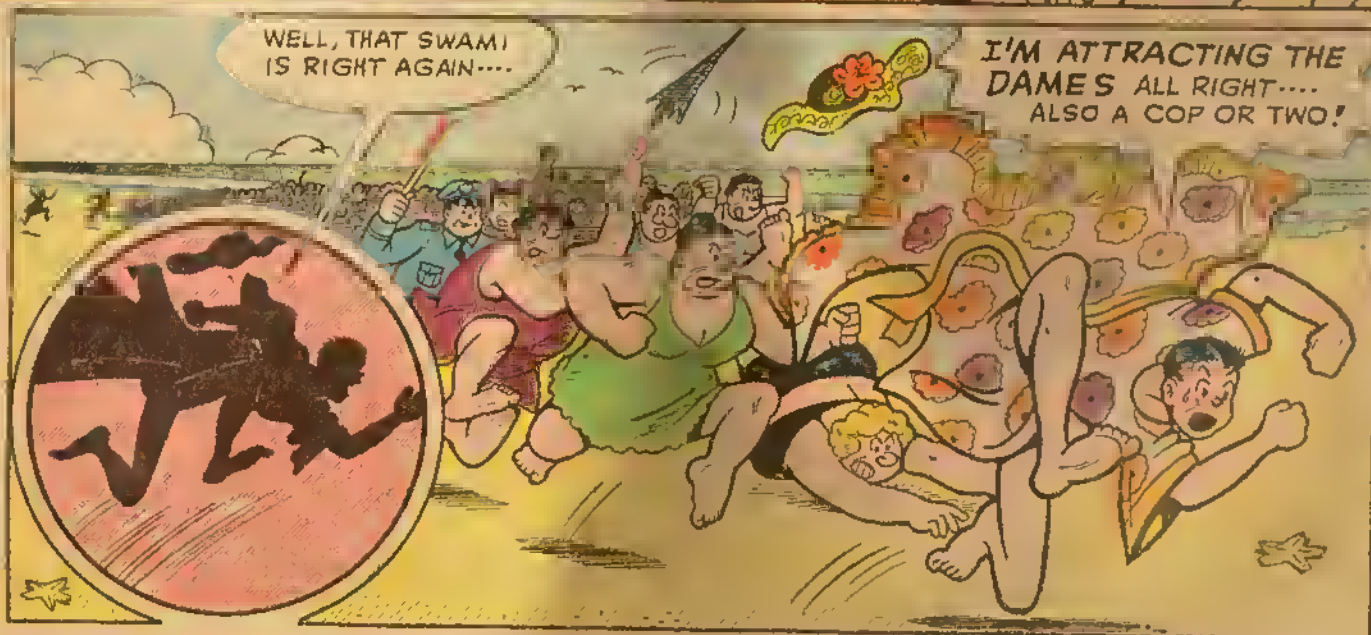
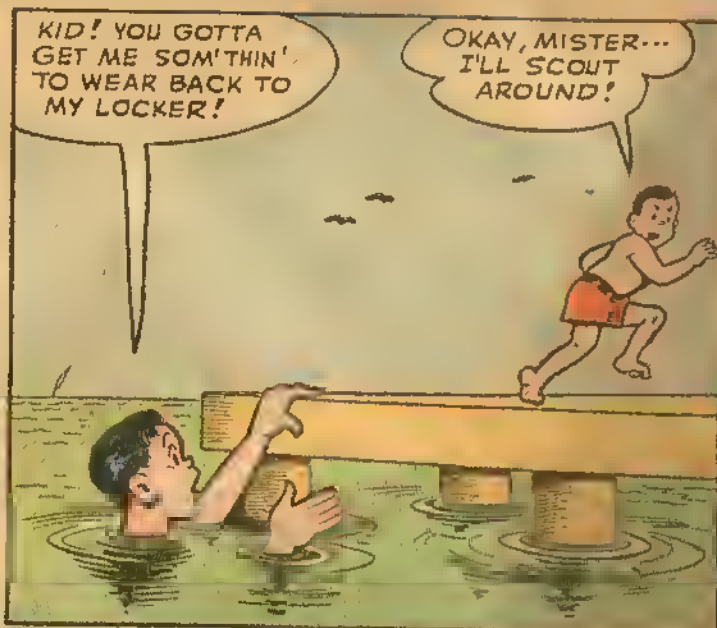
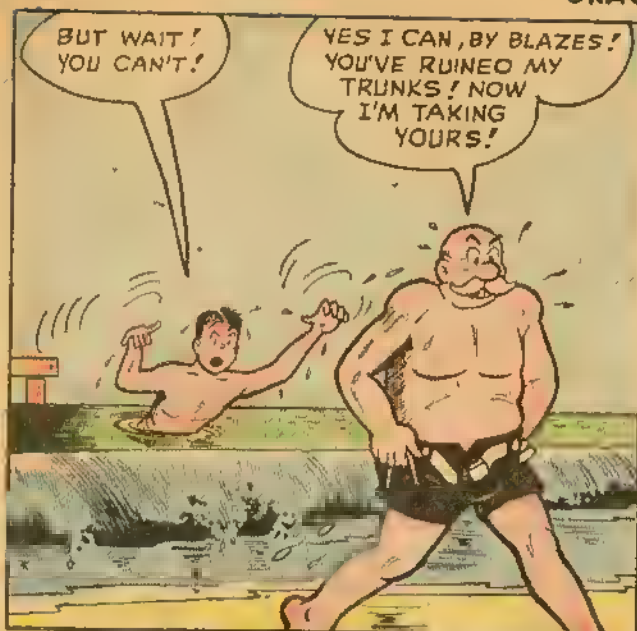


CRACK COMICS









The WOLF



THE cabin was quiet. Outside the winter wind whined, and occasionally a particularly hard blast ripped shingles from the sloping roof.

Within, Lance Gallant sat before the roaring fire, cleaning a revolver. Biff, his friend of many years, was at work on a pair of snowshoes. There was always perfect harmony between the two pals.

"Lance," said Biff, "I'm gonna like this big-game hunting up here. Something new and excitin'."

Lance chuckled. "You will, Biff. It's been a long time since I had a go at a moose. Last time was before Michael was killed. He loved it."

Biff didn't look up at that. He knew that whenever Lance mentioned his brother's name it evoked sadness. Biff disliked to see Lance in that mood. He said quickly, "It's gonna be a howler tonight."

"Yes. I almost wish I hadn't asked Kim up here. We're due for a heavy snow, if I can read the signs."

Biff set one of the snowshoes aside and picked up the other. "Scotty's the best bush pilot in this country. Kim should be safe with him at the controls."

"It's not that part of her trip I'm worried about, Biff. It's between the landing field and here . . . and we have no way of telling when Scotty will get in tomorrow."

Biff said nothing. Lance was right. Kim was a splendid girl, the dead Michael's sweetheart, and now a pal of them both.

"Mebbe," said Biff at last. "I should go out to the strip and camp till they come in."

Lance shook his head. "No dice. That's exactly what I'm going to do. You're the best wood chopper; you keep the cabin warm. I'll be off in the morning."

There was no use in arguing with Lance Gallant; Biff knew that. But he hated to see Lance make the trip alone.

Early the next morning Lance took off on snowshoes. It was a fifteen-mile hike to the spot where Scotty would land his little bush plane. It was over rough, bog spotted tundra, that made the going hard. Biff watched Lance until he was out of sight; then he went back to splitting wood.

It took Lance over two hours to cover the distance to Scotty's landing field deep in the woods. Fresh, wide ski tracks revealed that a

plane had landed some time before, and then taken off again.

Lance searched the surface of the hard-packed snow. Then he followed a deep furrow pitted with drops of blood. In a swale behind some tamarack bushes he found Scotty, shot to death.

A cold shiver ran up his spine. Where was Kim? What had happened to her? Who had shot the pilot? And why?

After a moment he found some small moccasin tracks in a sheltered spot, assumed they were Kim's and figured that Kim had at least been out of the plane. The tracks ended abruptly in a large expanse of snow. Then she must have been kidnaped. Why? Lance asked himself. She had no financial means, no parents.

"Someone's after me," said Lance to himself. "He's using Kim as a lure."

Well, there was no use sticking here, he thought. The plane was gone. One didn't track a plane through the woods or follow moccasin prints that stopped nowhere. Lance turned about and made all haste back to the cabin.

Biff was shaken by the news Lance brought back.

"What're we gonna do, Lance?"

"Wish I knew. Where could anyone have taken Kim?"

Biff said, eyes lighting suddenly, "Say, isn't there another landing spot ten miles north of here? Remember, Scotty said something about taking hunters up there in the summer for fishing."

"Yes!" exclaimed Lance. "The plane might be there right now. Get your snowshoes on, Biff, and bring your rifle. We're going up there."

But as the two men stepped into the cabin for supplies, a small plane roared over, flying low. They rushed outside in time to see a bundle hurtling down into the front yard. It was a quart oil can with a piece of paper tied to it. Lance picked it up.

"A note," he said. "It says, 'Biff, I mean business. Deliver Lance Gallant over to me and I will return Kim unharmed. Fail and she dies.' It is signed, 'The Wolf.'"

"Why, the dirty rat!" growled Biff. "Who does he think he is? 'The Wolf,' eh? Just let me at him!" Biff was mad clear through.

Lance was grinning. "You'll get your chance," he said. "First, you've got to de-

CRACK COMICS

liver me over to 'The Wolf.' It's the only way we can save Kim. This wolf person seems to assume you know where he hangs out, probably that other landing field we were talking about."

"You mean—" began Biff.

"Just that, Biff. Take me in to him and bring Kim back safely. I'll take care of myself."

Biff knew there wasn't anything else to be done. So, in ten minutes they were off on their strange journey.

They saw the plane parked on a cleared plot near a low hill. Tracks led to a tunnel in the hill and they made their way to this dark hole, Biff behind Lance. They entered without causing any disturbance and had pushed forward several yards when a voice spoke behind them:

"Just hold it right there, gents! This is a gat in my hand." Lance felt the cold muzzle in his back.

"Now walk straight ahead," ordered the voice.

When they had entered a large cavern lighted by two oil lanterns, the voice called a halt. Then the man came around in front of them. He was stocky, red-bearded, dressed in a fur parka and paks. His face was bloated and evil, with slit eyes leering over a bulbous nose.

"Well, my hearties," he chuckled, "right on time. Make yourselves at home. You'll be here a long time."

"Where's the young lady?" demanded Lance.

The Wolf pointed to a bundle of furs in a corner.

"There, sleeping," he said.

"You'll turn her over to Biff to take back, as your note promised?" asked Lance.

The Wolf grinned evilly. "Of course, as I said, gents." Then he called out, "Lena!"

A fat Indian woman came in, carrying a tray on which there was a steaming pot of tea and three tin cups.

"Accept my humble hospitality, gents," said the man, "before—ah—Mr. Biff starts back with the young lady."

Lance and Biff each accepted a hot cup of tea and drank it. The Wolf barely touched his.

Almost instantly Biff felt his head swimming. He groped wildly at nothing and fell to the floor. Lance quickly followed, engulfed in total darkness.

When he came to, Lance realized he was tied to a post. He felt cold and wet, then realized that water was trickling down over his almost nude body. The water was rapidly freezing into a sheath of ice. He glanced to one side and saw Biff's body covered with an inch of ice. Biff's eyes moved in jerks.

Lance tried to talk, but found his face so solidly encased in ice that his jaws refused to move.

"What devil's game is this?" he said to himself. Both he and Biff were being frozen into solid pillars of ice! The Wolf had tricked them beautifully!

The Wolf stepped out before them and laughed in devilish glee. Lance could just hear what he said:

"Ho, ho! This is good! The great Lance Gallant walks into a neat trap, and I get the girl, too! Well, good-bye, boys. The water trickling over you is from a warm spring; it never freezes. You'll both be glaciers by spring."

Lance saw The Wolf shake the bundle of furs in the corner. They stirred. Then the man pulled Kim to her feet. She seemed drugged. He half carried her toward the cavern tunnel.

It was then, through his haze, that Lance remembered something—something vitally important. He managed to bring his right hand over to his left wrist and began rubbing the birthmark there.

Instantly the spirit of his dead brother, Michael, appeared before him. Lance gasped, "Help, Michael!"

A strange alchemy then took place. When he died, Michael promised Lance that he would return from eternity to help him in any just cause if he simply rubbed the birthmark on his left wrist. By so doing, Michael's spirit entered Lance's body and he became Captain Triumph, to whom no physical harm could come.

Now, Captain Triumph burst from his icy shell and in a flying leap grabbed The Wolf around the neck. The two fell backward to the floor and thrashed around for a moment. But quickly Captain Triumph was on top, his hands around the thick neck of The Wolf.

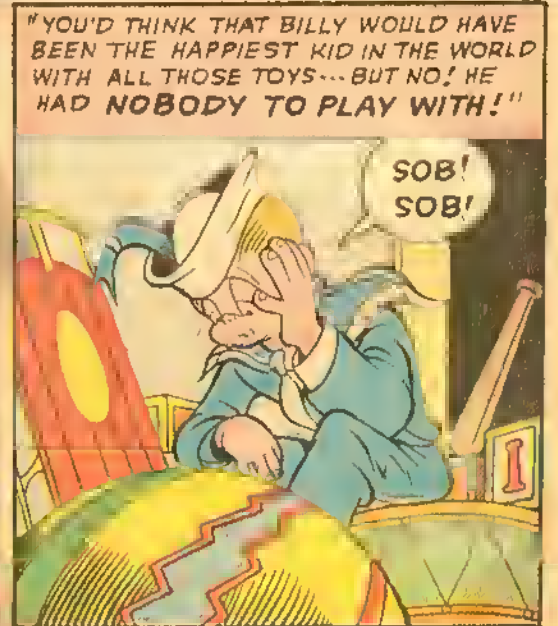
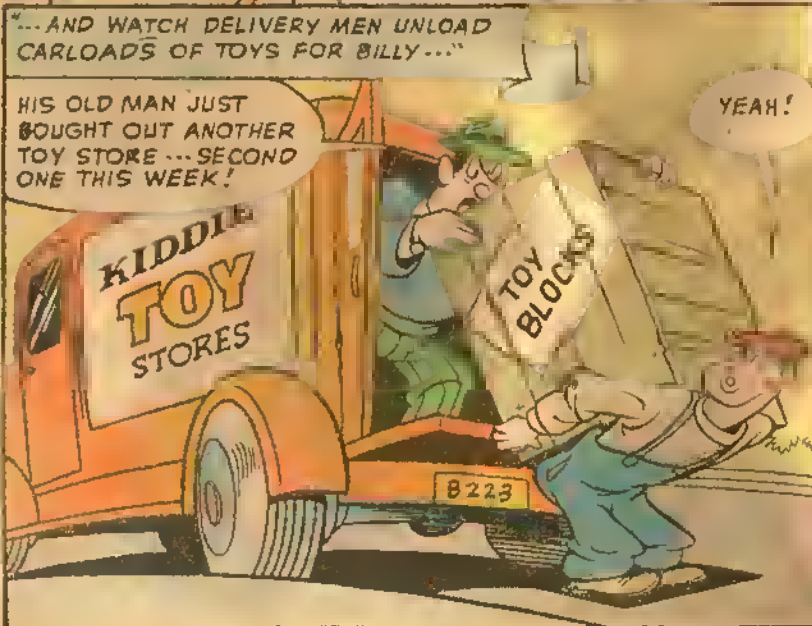
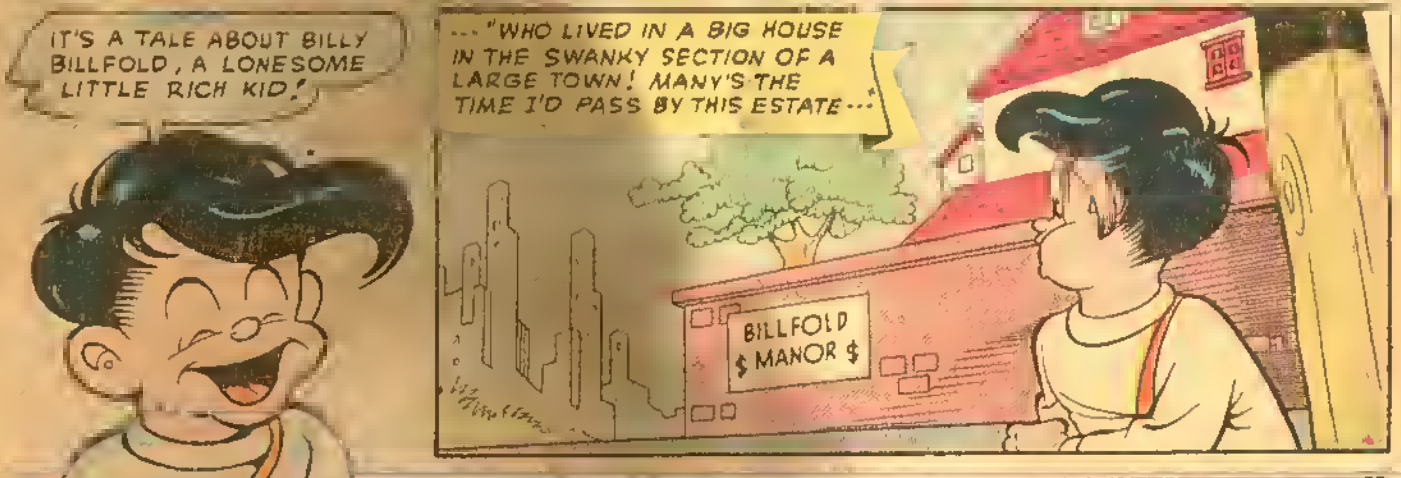
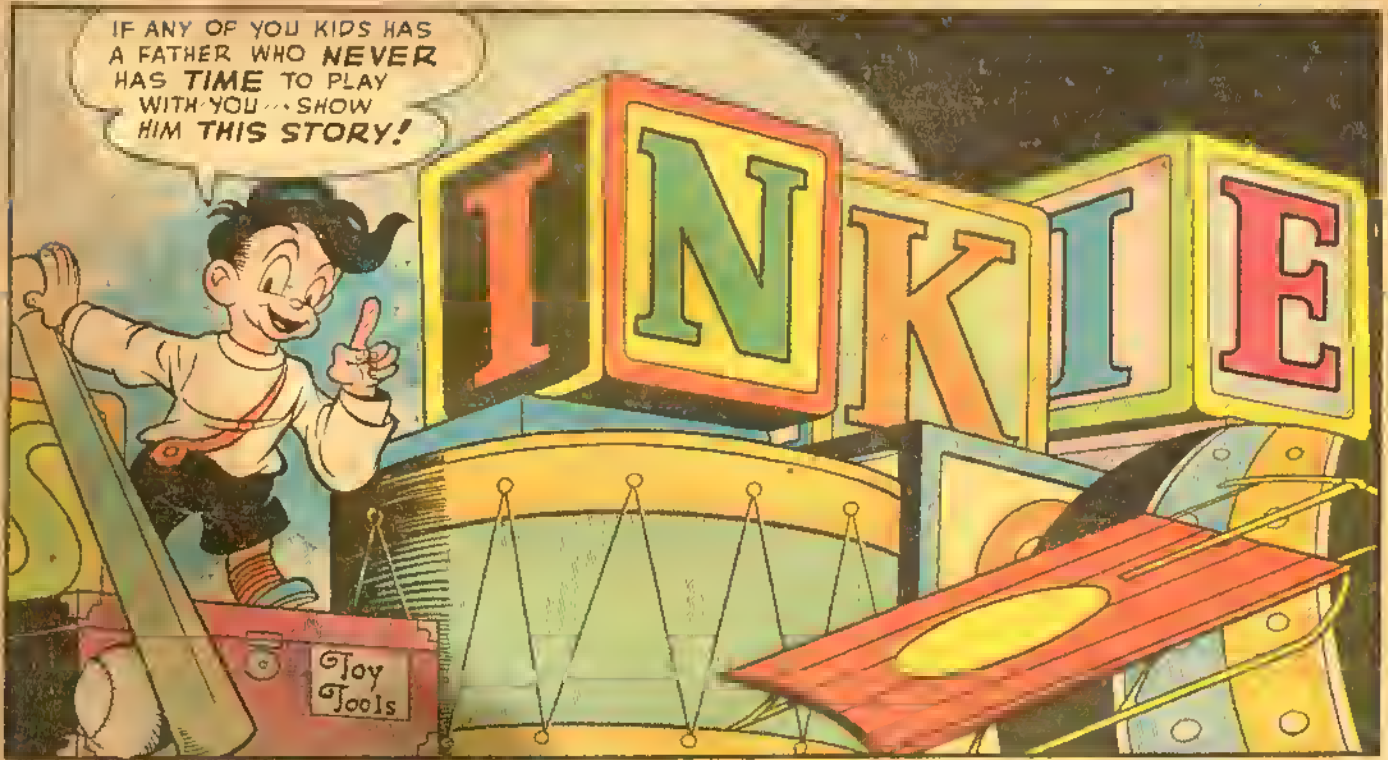
"Give up?" said Captain Triumph. "Or must I choke you to death?"

The Wolf gurgled something unintelligible, and Captain Triumph let him get to his feet. The two stood eyeing each other. Then The Wolf made a lightning strike for his holstered gun. But Captain Triumph was even faster. He grabbed the man's wrist in a steel grip, squeezed, and the gun fell to the floor.

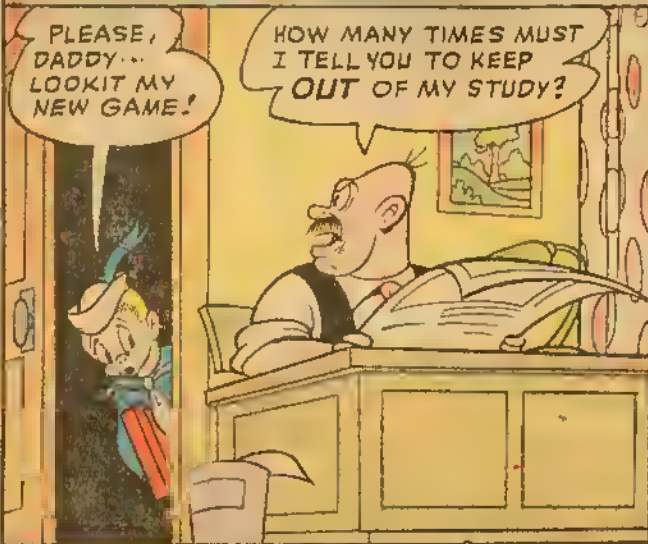
By now Kim had fully awakened. She snatched up the gun and held it against The Wolf's back.

"I'll pull the trigger if you move," she said.

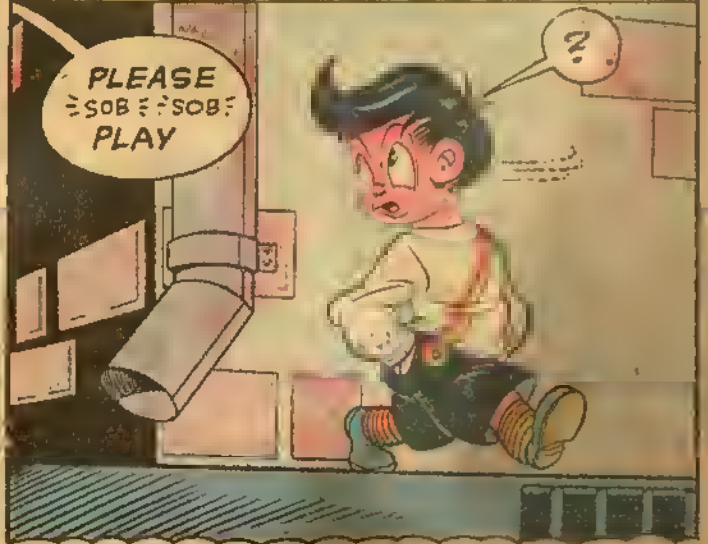
"Thanks, Kim," Lance told her. "Now I'll take over. You break that ice on Biff and cut him loose. I'll tie up this lout and we'll take him in to Moosejaw. I think the Mounted Police will be thankful to put him where he belongs."



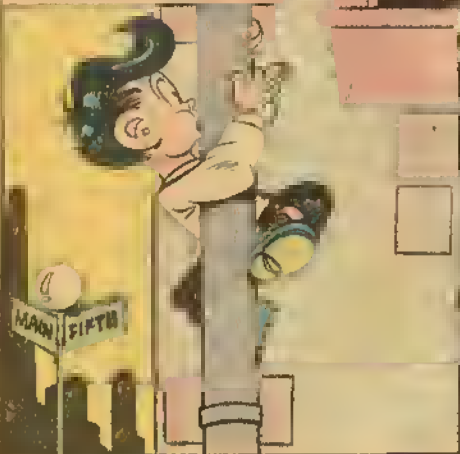
"HIS FATHER COULDN'T PLAY WITH HIM BECAUSE HE WAS ALWAYS BUSY WORKING...."



"IT WAS ON ONE OF THESE OCCASIONS THAT I DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE BILLY'S CRIES!"



"CHILDREN SHOULD BE HAPPY CREATURES! AFTER ALL, IT'S TIME ENOUGH TO WORRY WHEN YOU GET OLDER!"



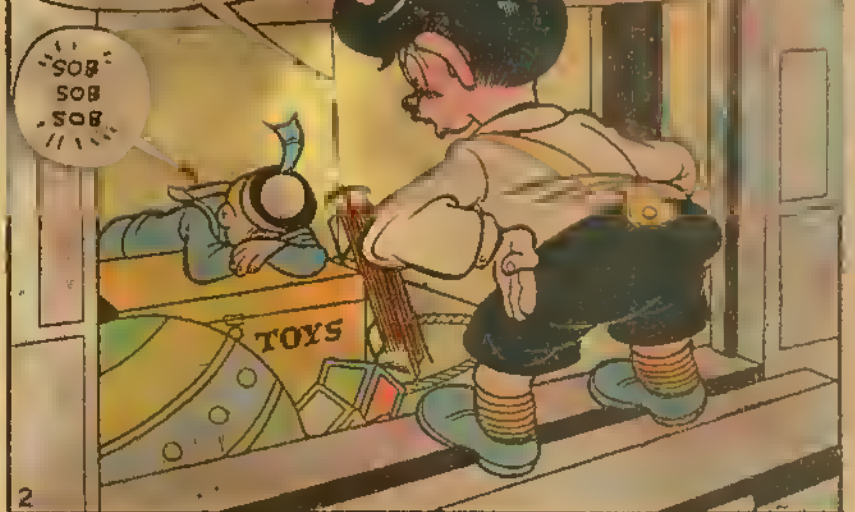
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M WORKING ON THE BLUEPRINTS OF THE NEW BRIDGE WE'RE BUILDING! NOW GO INTO YOUR PLAYROOM AND PLAY!

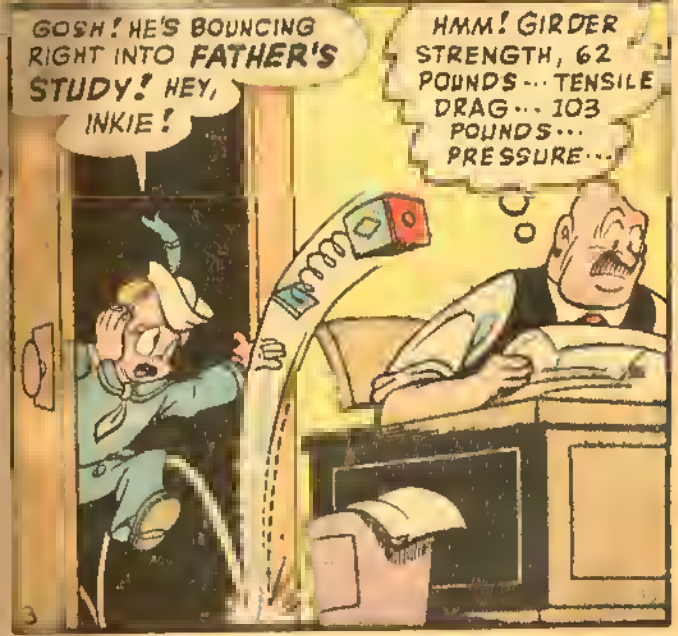
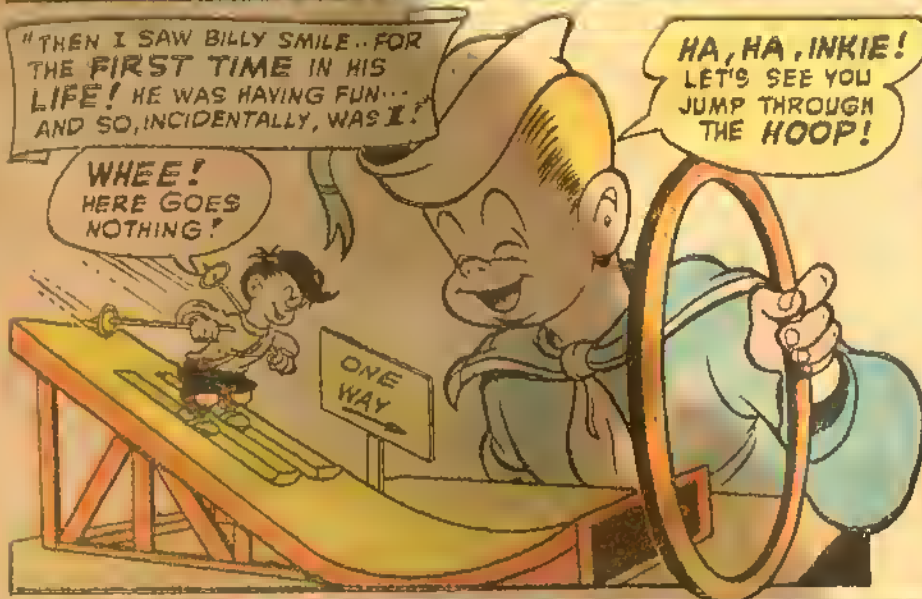
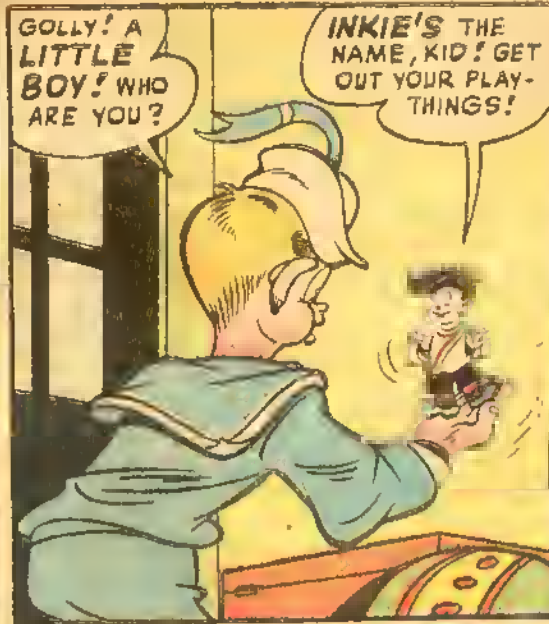


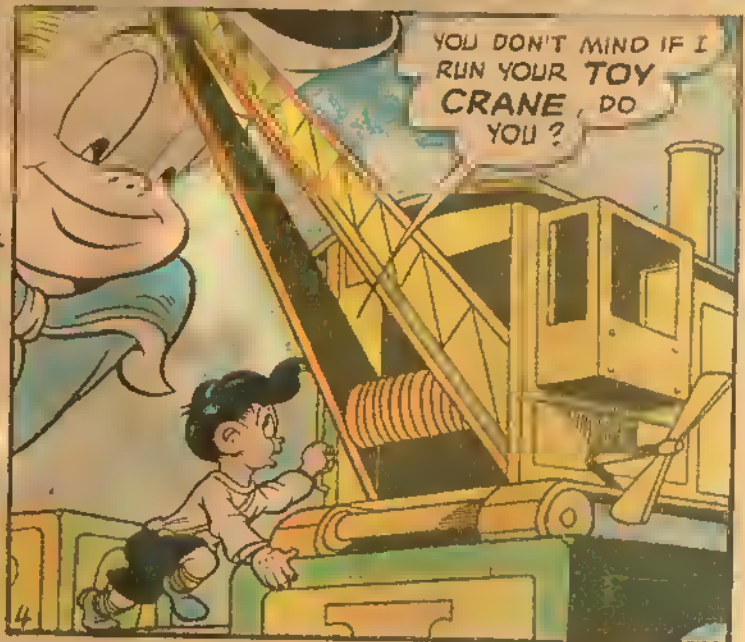
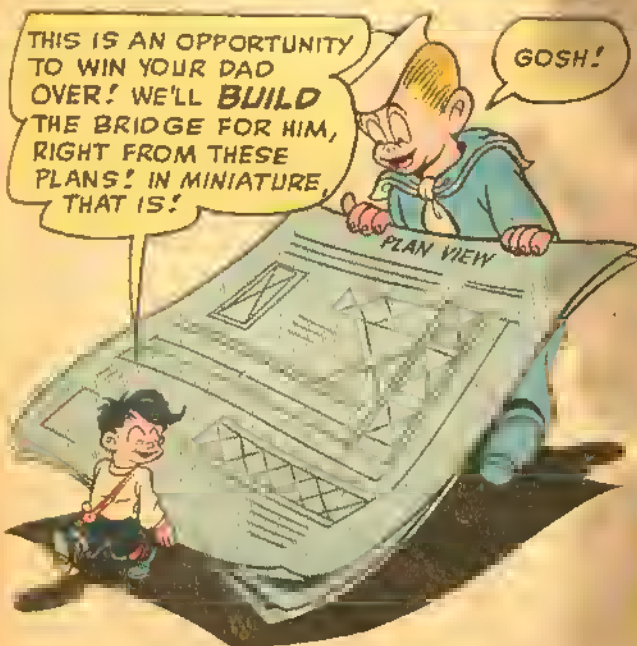
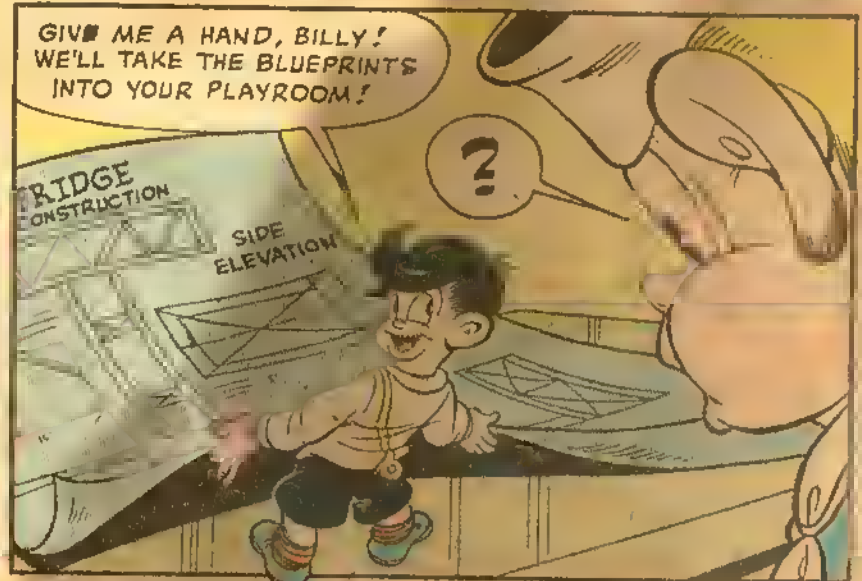
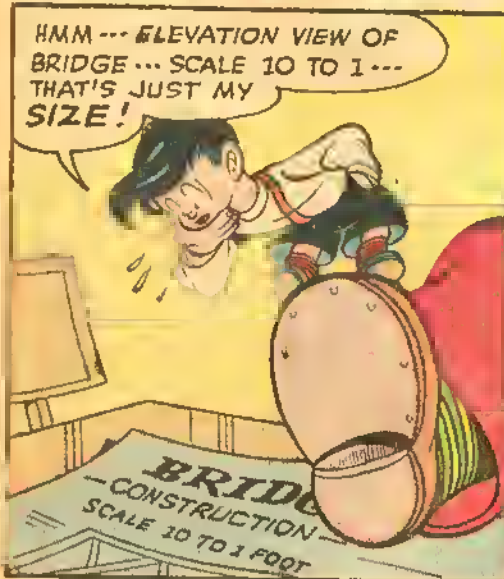
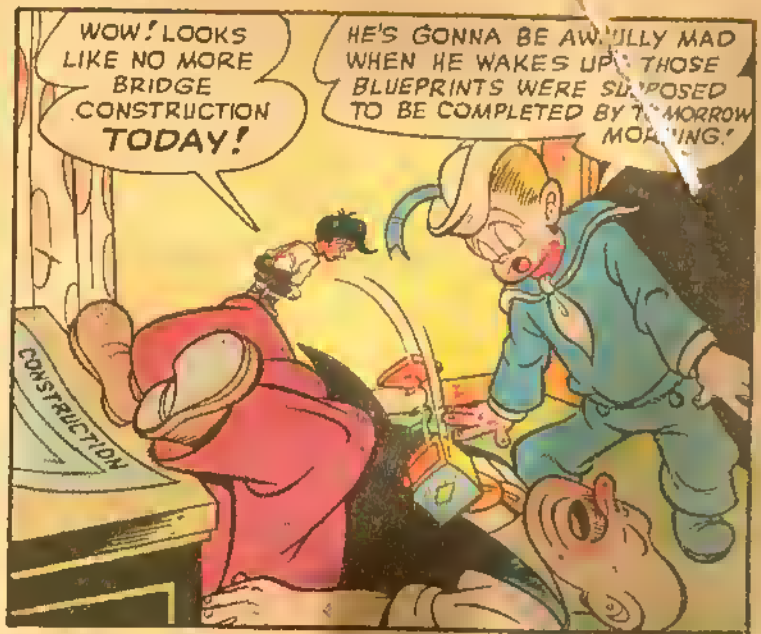
GOSH! POOR KID!



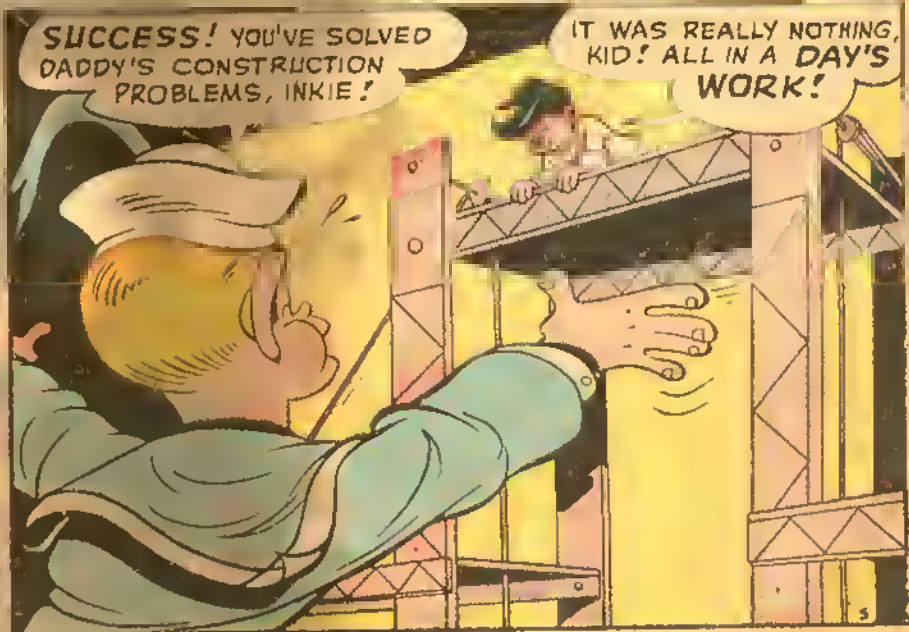
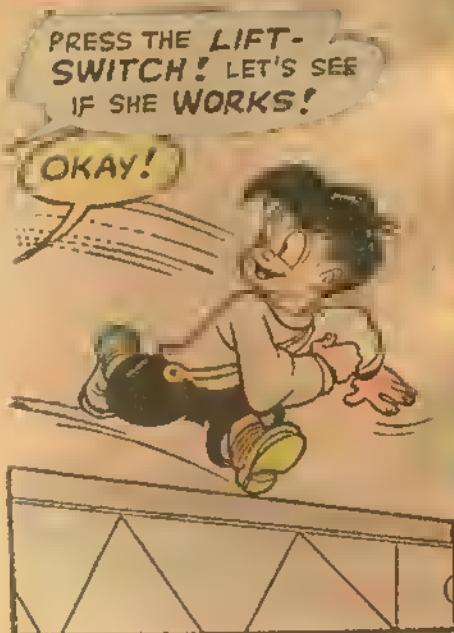
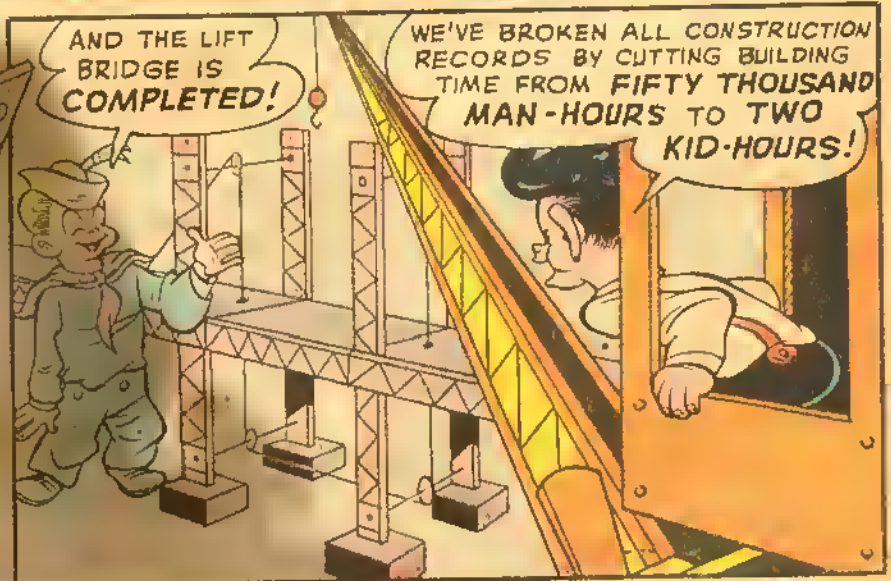
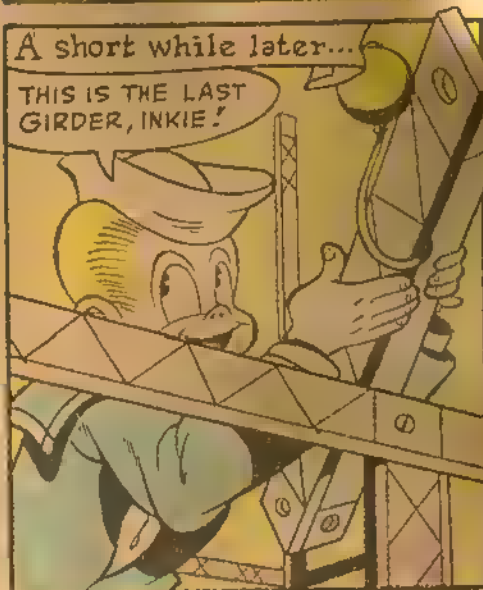
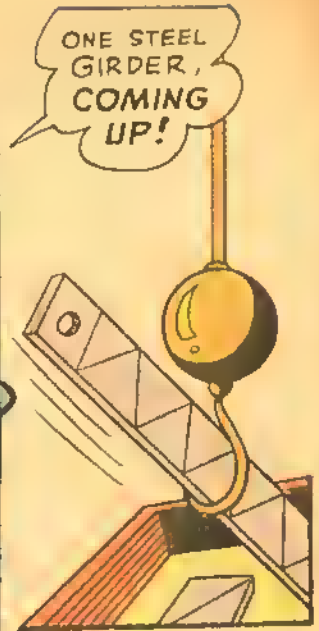
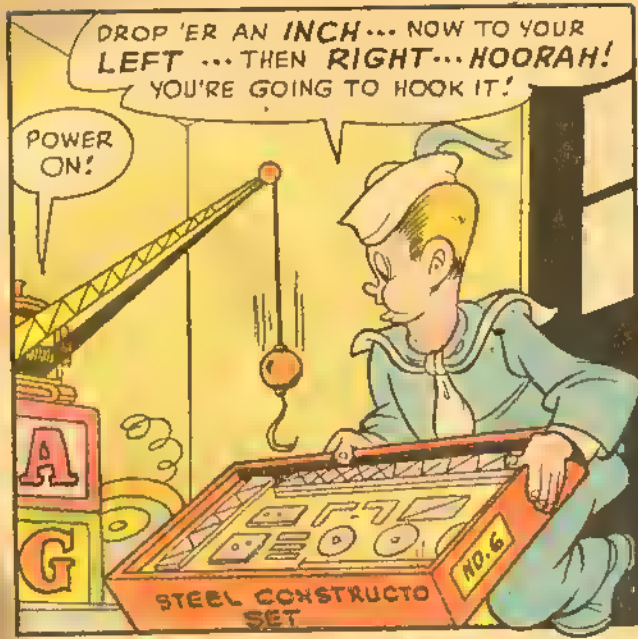
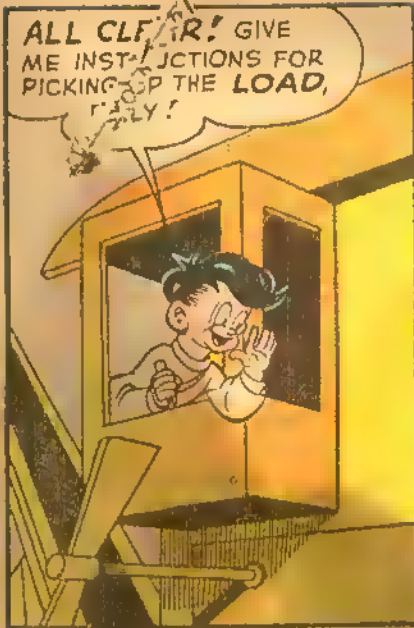
HMF! A FINE WAY FOR A FATHER TO TREAT HIS SON!

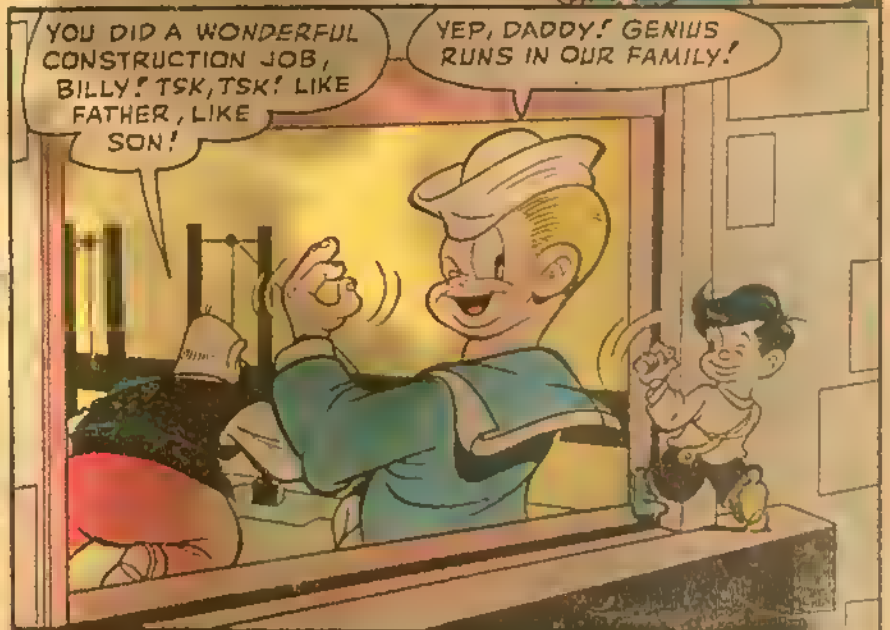
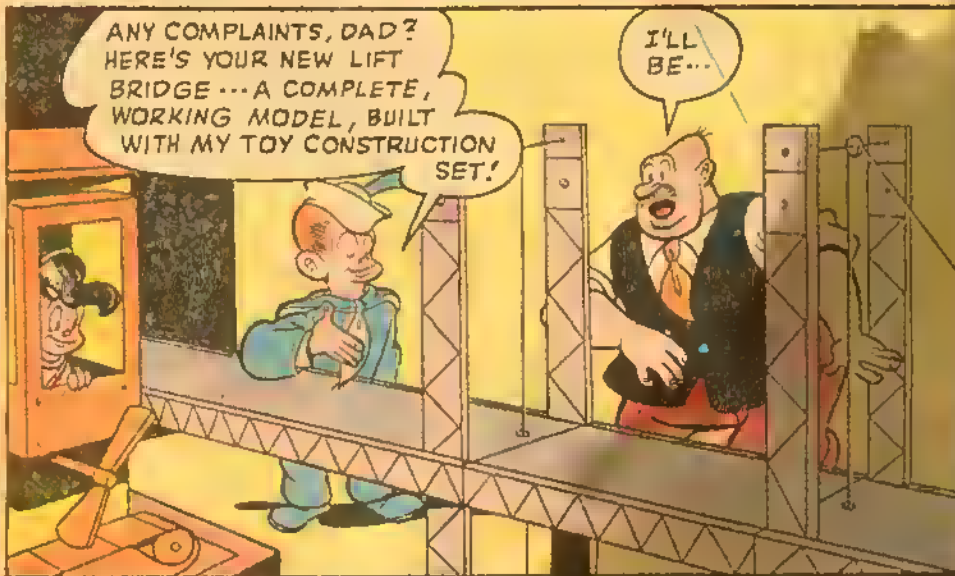
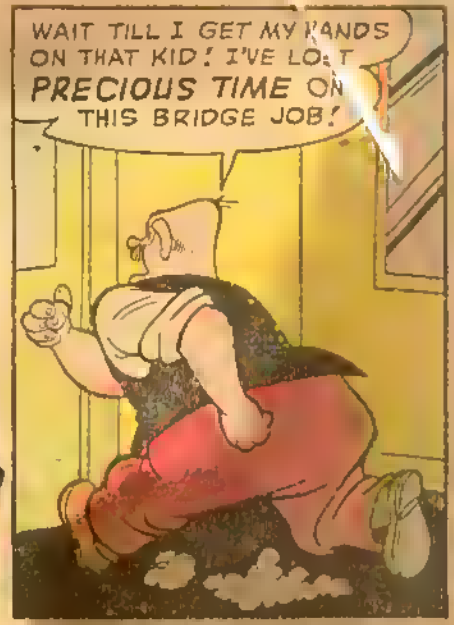


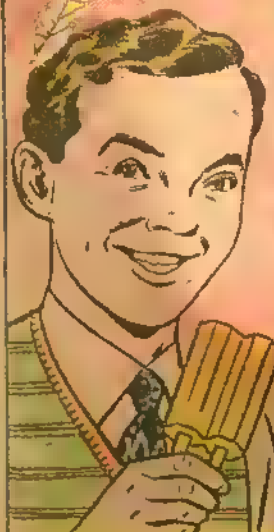




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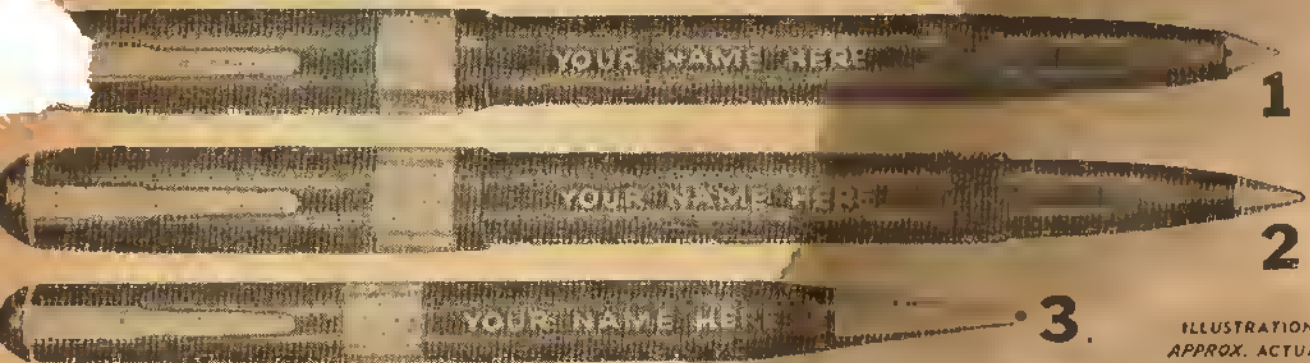
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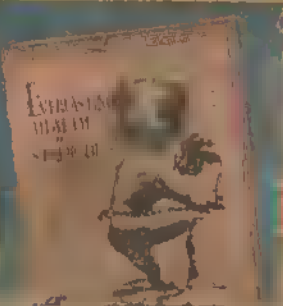
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